



The Yolo Democrat

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Mr. J. H. BATES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, 41 Park Row, New York, is authorized to contract for advertisements in the DEMOCRAT, Daily and Weekly, at our best rates.

New Railway Time Table. TRAINS LEAVE WOODLAND: For Sacramento and San Francisco, 7:20 A.M. For Knights Landing, 8:30 A.M.

Trains arrive at Woodland: From Knights Landing, 7:20 A.M. From Sacramento and San Francisco, 8:30 A.M.

A train will leave Woodland at 7:30 A.M., connecting at Davisville with trains for San Francisco and Sacramento, and returning to Woodland at 1:50 P.M.

A. N. DICK, M.D., DENTIST. One door West of Express Office, Woodland, my2w.

W. B. TREADWELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Excelsior Block, Woodland, CAL. ap1-d

FEATHER & HOLMES, DENTISTS. Office—Bank Building, Woodland. Branch Office—303 Kearney Street, San Francisco, my3w

L. F. EVERETT, CIVIL ENGINEER & COUNTY SURVEYOR OF YOLO COUNTY. Office—Court House, Woodland, delidw

ED. MARSHALL, J. CRAIG, W. H. GRANT, MARSHALL, CRAIG & GRANT, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS-AT-LAW. Special attention to Patent Suits and Probate Cases. Excelsior Block, Woodland, ocidw

F. E. BAKER, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, AND Notary Public. Practices in District and Supreme Courts. Office in Excelsior Block, Woodland, [seidw]

CERED HAYMOND, D. B. R. W. C. ALLEN, HAYMOND & ALLEN, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW. Office in Quinn's new building, cor. Fourth and J streets, (up-stairs), Sacramento, ocidw

J. C. BALL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND COMMISSIONER IN BANKRUPTCY. Office, Over Bank of Woodland, Main Street, Woodland, CAL. idaw

T. M. PHOENIX, SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER. Only Importer from the East. Everything in my line on hand or made to order. Two doors west of Express Office, idaw

CHARLES A. BROWN, GENERAL COLLECTOR FOR YOLO CO. All business entrusted to my care will be promptly and properly attended to. ap1-d

W. H. CARSON, ARCHITECT. Woodland Planning Mills, near Railroad Depot, ocidw

WM. H. WINNE, CONTRACTOR & BUILDER. GOOD WORK AND FAIR PRICES! Jobbing Promptly Attended To. New Shop—Next to H. Perry's Blacksmith Shop on First Street, Woodland, idaw

DR. I. N. HODGEN, DENTIST. Teeth Extracted Without Pain. Office in Excelsior Block, (up stairs) Main Street, Woodland, Cal. mh1w

REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE AND LOAN AGENCY. GEORGE D. FISKE. Money to Loan at Low Rates of Interest. Agency of Sacramento Savings Bank. mh1w

CAPAY DRUG STORE. T. J. CRANSTON, Proprietor, MAIN STREET, CAPAY. Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Glass, Stationery, Nuts, Candies, Etc. Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Recipes Accurately Compounded. idw

YOLO HOTEL, FORMERLY THE TACKERY HOUSE, WOODLAND, CAL. L. W. McDONALD, Proprietor. Meals, 25 Cents. Lodging, 50 Cents. Corral and Stables attached. Bar supplied with Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Free Carriage to and from the Hotel. mh1w

JOHN PENDEGAST, SOLICITOR FOR INSURANCE ON STANDING GRAIN, Grain in Stacks and Grain in Warehouse. Only First-Class Companies Represented! ALSO—General Employment and Real Estate Agency. OFFICE WITH P. S. FREEMAN & CO., COLLEGE BLOCK, MAIN STREET, WOODLAND, CAL. my2w

NOTICE—ALL PERSONS INDEBTED to me will please call and settle accounts by July 1st, without fail. Office at H. Karowski's store, next door to the White House. [seidw] A. ALEXANDER.

CRASH! CRASH!

CRASH!



CRASH!

CRASH!

TERRIBLE CRASH IN DRY GOODS,

Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats,

ETC., ETC.

The Bottom Knocked Out of High Prices Heretofore Prevailing!

GREATEST TUMBLE OF GOODS EVER KNOWN!

All Goods Falling 25 per cent. in the Last 30 Days!!

Merchants Paralyzed at the Great Crisis

All of them having Laid in Large Stocks Before the Tumble except

The Great Western Bankrupt Store!

We are now taking advantage of the Great Fall in Goods and Receiving Large Quantities of

DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, ETC.

We invite you all to see these NEW, FRESH GOODS that you may form your own conclusions; but on one thing set your hearts at rest, and that is we will be the Leaders of Prices: The Lowest of the Low!

No Hollow Mockery or Sham Pretence we Mean Business!

With those who are acquainted with our house and our facilities there will arise no question as to our ability to perform all we promise. Others, who may be ignorant of our real capacity, we invite in, and we will convince you that your own private interests will be benefited by an acquaintance with our manner of doing business and low prices.

We can give you but a few of our prices in this advertisement, but it is our intention to

Sell Cheap, Awful Cheap, AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT!

Iron Frame Grenadines, Twelve and a-half Cents per yard, Selling elsewhere at Twenty-five Cents per yard.

Figured Lawns, 40 inches wide with Border to match 20 Cents per yard, good value, Elsewhere, 30 Cents per yard.

Figured Pique, 10 Cents per yard; selling elsewhere at 20c.

Mosquito Bar, all colors, 65 cts. a Bolt, warranted 8 yds., Selling elsewhere at 87 1/2 cts.

Best Bands of Calicos, 15 yards for \$1.

White Rock and Lonsdale Muslin, 9 yards for \$1.

Men's Light Weight Suits, \$8.50.

CALICO HATS, 25 Cents, All Goods Marked in Plain Figures, and One Price to All.

So Don't forget the Store that was first to announce the tumble in goods and give you the benefit of the same.

THE GREAT WESTERN BANKRUPT STORE,

One Door East of Elston's Drug Store, Woodland, my2w

REPUBLICAN STRATEGY.

The Republican press and leaders affect to put on a stiff, bold face when the lame political record on vital questions of the Presidential campaign is referred to by their opponents. They advise their voting adherents not to listen to the recital; not to believe the charges if they hear them; and to get towering mad every time the subject is mentioned in their presence. They must make it dangerous for a Democrat even to think of, much less name, "Back Pay Steel," "De Golyer affair," "Credit Mobilier," or even the "Chinese Question," in connection with Garfield. They give it out that they must run rough-shod over everything and elect him, for he is a representative Republican, and the life of the party depends on his election. But all the threats they can make, all the denials they can utter, will not deter the Democrats from showing up the record before the people. But it is perceived, however, that the Republicans are greedy enough to catch at one crumb of comfort afforded by what Jere. Black has said in excuse of Garfield's Credit Mobilier. It seems the famous lawyer and Democratic statesman, in a sarcastic mood, asserted that he does not believe Garfield was actually corrupted, as he (Black) learned from information that when the interest was given to Garfield he thought it was merely complimentary and through friendship, and it was a long time before he became conscious that bribery was in the atmosphere, and then his soul was tormented and became sick and was grieved.

As to the Chinese scourge, there is no hope of relief coming from the Republican party. They acknowledge that the Chinese plague in the Chicago platform is "mild." It is in truth very mild, so to speak; it is considerably milder than the platform upon which Hayes was a candidate. We find that it emphasizes the word "human," the predominant humanitarian idea, embodying the brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God doctrine. Political platforms may not always be intended to catch flies, and we have real cause to fear that the Republicans will act up to that declaration of their platform, for no one denies—they do not deny it themselves—that nine-tenths of the Republican party East are opposed to restricting Chinese immigration, and their apologists have said their people must be informed, must be educated, must be induced to investigate the ruinous evil, and then they will apply the proper remedy. Why, there are many people East who have already, and long since, investigated the subject, and become convinced of the intolerable evil. They are the Democratic people, and have been all along since the complaint went up, individually and as a party, anxious for effectual relief by Congressional legislation and all other means, but the Republican President and party have sturdily stood in the way. No Congressional legislation hostile to unrestricted immigration can be had while we have a Republican President to veto Democratic measures directed to that end; and if our present Treaty Commission, set on foot with the reluctant consent of the Republican Administration, should succeed in negotiating a treaty with the Chinese Government, the effect of which would be to check the influx, the U. S. Senate, if Republican, would certainly reject the treaty. And what can a Republican President do if he were ever so much in favor of Chinese restriction? He would have to depend upon the Democrats, not the Republicans, to stand by him and support him to carry out his policy. But what earthly hope is there of Garfield's uniting with the Democrats on this question if elected President? He came out here to this coast in 1879 to "investigate" the Chinese problem, was continuously shown through all Chinatown in San Francisco by Capt. Lees, of the Police Department; witnessed the ways of the Mongolian people in all the filth and squalor of their quarters; and—like Henry Ward Beecher, another Eastern preacher—went back a stronger pro-Chinese man than he came. He went back to his seat in Congress, opposed and spoke against the fifteen passenger act, engaged in every mode of parliamentary filibustering against them, and finally voted to send him Hayes' voices of them. The Chinese question here is undoubtedly the overwhelming one that now affects our interests and prosperity in every view, and the consideration of it is more important than any other political question involved in the times; and Republicans on this coast and elsewhere, who loudly talk anti-Chinese publicly, but support Garfield and the party, do seem audaciously to subject themselves to the charge of being deceivers.

FARMERS, CLEAN YOUR WHEAT.

The fact that California farmers have been so careless of late years about the condition of their wheat when put upon the market has had a very bad effect upon its former high standing in the European markets and a consequent reduction of price has followed. From a San Francisco Produce Exchange circular we learn that instead of bringing two shillings per quarter more than any other grade, as it used to do, the tables have been turned, and now two shillings less is paid in consequence of the wheat being foul. This being the case, we trust the farmers of Yolo, with those of the whole State, will this year set about remedying the evil so justly complained of, and redeem their lost reputation for raising the best and purest wheat produced in the world. All that is required is just to let gravel and soil mixed with the wheat, which, of course, injures the flour and the millstones, too. It has become a serious matter, as farmers have found to their cost, and unless the wrong is corrected it will lose to them millions of dollars annually in reduction of price. We trust that Yolo farmers will do all they can to correct the evil.

Did Garfield dream of the possibilities when, some years ago, he introduced the Bill doubling the President's salary? asks the Chicago Times.

A DEFENCE OF GARFIELD.

That ancient, aced, and respectable daily newspaper, the Advertiser of Boston, which could not countenance J. G. Blaine because of his corruption, professes to be satisfied of the purity of James A. Garfield's character. And it is the first Republican newspaper, so far as we know, that has undertaken to defend his Credit Mobilier record. We print every word which the Advertiser has to say on this point:

"It is sufficient to say, in answer, that Gen. Garfield solemnly denied connection with that business; that the committee of investigation, which brought in a resolution to expel Mr. Oakes Ames and Mr. James Brooks, did not even suggest a censure of Gen. Garfield. Not only was his alleged offence not proved, but his innocence was established as far as a negative can be made out. Mr. Hoar, who presided over the Convention, was a member of the Poland committee, and Gen. Hawley was one of the most active promoters of the investigation. Both these gentlemen are earnestly and enthusiastically in favor of Gen. Garfield as a candidate. Neither of them would be so if he believed that there was the least taint of corruption about his garments; and there is not, and his slanderers know there is not."

The first specification in the Advertiser's defence of Garfield is true. Gen. Garfield did solemnly deny connection with that business. His denial was made in the most solemn form which men have devised for the protection of justice against falsehood. In the name of God, and with the penalties for perjury laid in view, he swore that he had "never owned, received, or agreed to receive any stock of the Credit Mobilier of the Union Pacific Railroad, nor any dividends or profits arising from either of them."

But that solemn denial was not considered a sufficient answer to the charge. A Republican committee of Congress heard the evidence of his corruption and saw the written proof, and having heard and seen, they declared that he did agree to receive Credit Mobilier stock, and that he did receive a dividend from the same. Let the Advertiser, if it dare, print side by side Garfield's sworn denial and the following final judgment of the Republican committee which tried him: "He agreed with Mr. Ames to take ten shares of Credit Mobilier stock, but did not pay for the same. Mr. Ames received the eighty per cent. dividend in bonds, and sold them for ninety-seven per cent., and also received the sixty per cent. cash dividend, which, together with the price of the stock and interest, left a balance of \$329. This sum was paid over to Mr. Garfield by a check on the Sergeant-at-Arms."

The committee of investigation, which brought in a resolution to expel Mr. Oakes Ames and Mr. James Brooks, did not even suggest a censure of Gen. Garfield. 'Tis the everlasting disgrace of the Republican party and of the Republicans on the Poland committee, that also is true. Having tried him and convicted him and put him on record as a bribe-taker and a perjurer, his personal friends and political associates allowed him to escape some of the consequences of his offences. But what a defence of Garfield is that!

"Not only was his alleged offence not proved, but his innocence was established as far as a negative can be made sure." On this point let us once more hear Judge Poland: "He agreed with Mr. Ames to take ten shares of Credit Mobilier stock, but did not pay for the same. Mr. Ames received the eighty per cent. dividend in bonds, and sold them for ninety-seven per cent., and also received the sixty per cent. cash dividend, which, together with the price of the stock and interest, left a balance of \$329. This sum was paid over to Mr. Garfield by a check on the Sergeant-at-Arms."

Finally, the Advertiser is convinced that the evidence was naught and the judgment of the Republican committee a libel, for the grotesque reason that Senator Hoar and Gen. Hawley "are earnestly and enthusiastically in favor of Gen. Garfield as a candidate, and neither of them would be so if he believed there was the least smell of corruption about his garments."

This is the sort of defence that will elect the man whom the Democrats choose next year to run against Garfield, the convicted bribe-taker and perjurer.—N. Y. Sun.

REPUBLICAN JOURNALISTS are trying mightily hard to create sympathy for Garfield among the laboring classes by publishing the early history of that distinguished monopoly sympathizer. They tell how he was a poor lad; how while going to school he worked mornings and evenings and Saturdays; how he was a canal boy; a village carpenter; and they even go so far as to assert that he "wanted to be a sailor." What rot all this is. How many lads are there in this glorious country that are not poor to start with? How many who don't have to work mornings and evenings and Saturdays while attending school? How many who wouldn't rather be a "canal boy" than remain under maternal restraint? And just show us the American boy who wouldn't rather be a sailor than anything else on earth. Bosh! we are heartily sick of this "childhood" business. Just cast a glance at the public record of this self-made man, and then decide whether he is a friend to the working man, the producer and the taxpayer.

A WRITER in the Scotsman avers that out of 35,000 hams imported into Hamburg last year, 297 were found to contain trichinae, while of 14,000 sides of bacon 85 were found to be more seriously infected. He adds that a recent commission in this country reported that of the pigs slaughtered at Chicago no fewer than 8 per cent. were thus infested. At Liverpool and Glasgow there is no examination made as at Hamburg.

THE losses by fire in the United States since January 1st have been estimated to exceed \$30,000,000. The loss of the greater part of this vast sum was caused by the configurations in the oil regions of Pennsylvania and the forest and marsh fires in New Jersey. Owing to the nature of the property destroyed, there was not over one-half of it insured.

OMINOUS PORTENT! the fact that the first congratulatory dispatch that reached General Hancock after his nomination was from Grant's home; especially as it did not congratulate Garfield at all. What does it all mean?

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From our Special Correspondent.] WASHINGTON, D. C., June 14th, 1880. EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—On Wednesday next, probably at 12 m., we shall see the last of this session. Its record so far is fairly creditable. The Presidential election of the year has prevented the introduction, by Democrats, of some measures for the ultimate benefit of the country, and has dulled the edge of their support of others, equally desirable. The same event has caused Republicans, in the hope of party advantage, to attempt to find something revolutionary in even the most meritorious measures of the Democrats. Indeed, it is amazing that any fault should be found with the bill first passed, two months ago, to provide for the appointment and payment of Deputy Marshals, but nearly every Republican in both Houses saw in it an attempt to break down the freedom of elections and seize the Government. After the defeat of General Garfield, and the seating of a Democratic President, I shall expect the Democratic majority in House and Senate to inaugurate reforms of a score of abuses which have been attached to the Government in the last twenty years. When they have succeeded in doing so, I have no doubt sensible and patriotic Republicans will be as happy as we shall be at the changes.

I speak of Garfield's defeat as if it were already assured. I believe it is as certain as anything in the future can be, provided we put a good man in the field against him. All the Republican enthusiasm we hear of in the coming campaign outside of Ohio, will be manufactured. It will not be the genuine article. There is nothing in Garfield to call out enthusiasm.

Mr. Tilden, a man then almost unknown to federal politics, carried the country four years ago, against Mr. Hayes, by a majority of a quarter of a million. Of the white vote he had three-quarters of a million majority. This year the Republicans have on their ticket Garfield, whose record is not so good as that of Hayes in 1876; and Arthur, who has been turned out of office by the present administration. Except by the Grant people, Arthur, candidate for Vice President, weakens the ticket. The Republican party will be defeated this fall, unless a miracle of stupidity is performed by the Democracy at Cincinnati.

Following the example of the Massachusetts men, and farmers from all parts of the country, make Washington the objective point of their summer journey. They arrived yesterday, and are receiving numerous attentions to-day.

Below will be found opinions of many of the leading journals of California on the nominations of Hancock and English. This will give a pretty good idea of the relative strength of the opposing candidates; for, as the Democratic nominees are accepted by the press of the State so may we expect public opinion to be favorably or unfavorably impressed:

THE "EXAMINER"

Comes nobly to the front, and will make itself felt in the campaign, if the following is a criterion from which to judge: The Cincinnati Convention has gloriously performed its great work of naming the next President of the United States. General Winfield Scott Hancock is the gallant soldier and noble patriot who will worthily occupy the chair of Washington and of Jefferson and Jackson for four years from the 4th of next March. He will put to rout the cohorts of Radicalism, and it will upon the Republican legions under Garfield and Arthur an overwhelming defeat. It is a grand nomination; one over which the Democracy of the Republic are already jubilating with all the fervor of tumultuous enthusiasm. The glad news has gone through California, and everywhere the Democracy will heartily and unanimously endorse his nomination, and at once actively enter upon the cheerful work of the campaign which will close with his triumphant election. California will certainly give her six Electoral votes, without the possibility of the contingency of fraud to rob her of them. The entire South will rally to him as to no other man, as to one whom that people honored in war and love in peace. He will carry his own native State of Pennsylvania, and New York will cast her solid thirty-five votes for him with an enthusiasm which shall count his majority one hundred thousand strong. New Jersey and Connecticut will leap into the Democratic line with the ardor of the old-time Democracy; and, besides Indiana, Illinois and Ohio may quite safely be counted for Hancock.

"THE BULLETIN."

THE Democrats have probably made the strongest nomination that was possible for them. * * * Two men who have been true to the country in the hours of greatest peril are now before that country as candidates for the highest office. The one has experience in the administration of civil affairs. The other has little or none. Both are honest, patriotic, and it is supposed that each would do his best to serve his country honorably in the new relation to which he aspires. The party which nominates General Hancock has at present a majority in Congress, which may be modified or wholly obliterated at the next election. We have tried one experiment of electing a man without experience in civil affairs. We shall know in a few months whether the country is willing to try another.

VALLEJO "EVENING CHRONICLE"

Says: While but little can be said against the record of Gen. Hancock, yet his accession to the Presidency would be a severe blow to the prosperity of the country on account of the erratic principles of his party, of which he is now the acknowledged representative.

"THE BEE"

Says: "The nomination of Hancock is a strong one. He will poll the full vote of his party, and if he carries his native State—where State pride may aid him in doing—he may be the next President. Or if he can carry New York, Indiana, New Jersey and Connecticut, he may win without Pennsylvania. At any rate this nomination will put the Republicans upon their mettle, and there is no telling how the material of the election may result. The coming national contest is now sure to be a hard one, and it is likely enough to be a close struggle. Almost any State—even California—may have the power to decide between them."

HON. J. T. FARLEY, United States Senator, is the new member of the Democratic National Committee for California.

The Process of Raisin Making.

Mr. R. B. Blowers of this place is the acknowledged leading and most successful raisin maker in this country. Sonoma county has some of the oldest vineyards in California, and some attention is being given there to the manufacture of raisins. We find the following explanation of the process of raisin making, by Mr. Blowers, in a late number of the Sonoma Advertiser, and publish it for the benefit of our readers: "In raisin-making the first requisite is a climate sufficiently warm to thoroughly mature the grape from which it is desirable to make raisins, as the grape must have a sufficient quantity of sugar to unite with the acid to make a completely jelly, for that is what a raisin should be, a jelly so completely made that it will keep in its natural skin, the skin, I find the best condition for drying is plenty of air, heated to a temperature of from 100 to 130 degrees, never more than the latter heat. A less is not hurtful, except to retard drying. A moist air is to be avoided, and rain, during the process of drying, is positively injurious even if it should dry without mellowing, as it injures the bloom, aroma and flavor. My experience leads me to prefer a tray or platform, 24x36 feet in size, made from light lumber. The tray is solid, that is, not perforated, and is elevated at the ends. We pick directly upon the tray, putting about twenty pounds of ripe grapes on each, then expose them to the heat of the sun with an inclination toward the south. When half dry, they are turned by two men taking an empty tray, placing it upon a full one and giving them a quick turn. The grapes are thus transferred bottom upwards on to the other tray, turning them very fast. This is done in the morning when the stems are still green. Then, if the drying is completed in the field, when the grapes are sufficiently cured, they are sold from the trays into large wicker boxes, and stored for two weeks or more, when they are packed in small boxes for market. This is the first time the raisins are touched by the hand of the pickers. They are handled on the tray, thus preserving the bloom and not breaking up the stems. If the season is advanced, and it is desirable to hasten the drying, the raisins are moved to the dryer on a wagon, while still in position upon the trays, and placed in the drying rooms, where they are exposed to a strong current of warm, dry air, which, being continuously drying at the proper heat, and not being retarded by the cold and dews of night, complete the process in about one-third of the time required in outdoor drying if the weather is favorable. Last year I used an exhaust fan to give me a greater amount of air than is otherwise possible, with very gratifying results, making a better raisin than those cured entirely in the open air. Three pounds of mature grapes make one of cured raisins. The dryer I used cost about \$2,000, including house and packing room, but not including the trays. The trays cost 10 or 11 cents each."

Davisville Letter.

DAVISVILLE, June 24th, 1880. EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—Our little town is quite lively just now. Strangers come and go continually, and farmers from all points are seen on the streets and about the business places, looking for men and laying in supplies for summer use. Heading is in full progress in this neighborhood, and many threshers will be at work by the first of next week. The grain, as a rule, will turn out much better than was expected, owing to the desiccating north winds, which were sweeping down upon us, but the yield will not be near so good as we had reason to expect; four weeks ago. Our town is growing slowly, but real estate is a drug in the market just now. It is expected that many improvements will be made this fall, when money becomes more plentiful.

From a social standpoint, our town is all that could be desired. The different societies are all flourishing, especially the temperance organization. Under the present management this society is making itself felt in this community, and it is to be hoped, nothing will occur to retard the onward march of the good work. Our young people are up in arms, fighting against the liquor traffic, and it is surprising how much honor their united efforts are earning. It is true that many of the old tipplers continue in their foolish, self-destructive habits, but it is pleasing to note that the almost universal drinking and carousing so prevalent here is abating very rapidly.

Three or four couples from Woodland paid us a visit last Sunday, and from their actions while driving about the streets we could see for no other conclusion than that they either had no respect for themselves, or considered the good opinions of the people of this burg not worth securing. The general expression among the decent people here was that if Woodland could not turn out a more genteel set of visitors she had much better keep them at home.

Politics are, as usual, the theme of general discussion. The Republicans hereabout are not very enthusiastic over their Presidential ticket, and I have heard more than a dozen say that in case this or that man gets the nomination at Cincinnati they will give him their support in preference to Garfield. The Democrats are all ready to give a warm support to almost any man who may receive the nomination. They are tired of this so-called independent business and political movements, and only want a good Democratic ticket to vote this fall. The only candidate we have in this locality is Judge Oneal, who would accept the nomination for District Attorney, but does not wish to have a wrangle in the Convention to secure it.

Our business men are all doing well this summer, and after the harvest is over and the bills all paid we expect very lively times here. S. Mottice.

Solano Items.

[From the Dixon Tribune] The Baptist Church is being painted red.

School Census Marshal Coleman reports 343 children of school age in this district, which is 21 more than last year.

Zamloch closed his series of performances on Saturday evening with as poor a house as he started with. His Dixon experience was not encouraging.

The cannon "Centennial Boy" was loaned to Captain Frank O'Grady, and sent down to Vallejo this week to be used in firing a salute for the Democratic ticket.

Dr. A. H. Pratt has received a favorable offer to go into partnership with a leading physician at Oakland, which he has accepted. He will leave Dixon immediately.

Stephen Hoyt, of Elmira, a well-known farmer, brother of Hazen Hoyt, died last week Thursday from a stroke of paralysis. He had suffered from similar attacks several years ago.

The lower story of the old Court-house at Fairfield is occupied by three law offices, and the occupants of them have not been in the habit of paying rent; but the Grand Jury says they must do so or prepare to go, and the Sheriff is instructed to attend to the business.

A would-be editor, whose name is unknown to us, was down in San Francisco last week negotiating for material to start a new paper at Elmira, in this county. There are two stores, two hotels, two blacksmith shops, a lumber yard, a livery stable and a few saloons in Elmira, and it needs a newspaper badly. There are not near newspapers enough in this county. Elmira, Vallejo, Alameda, Batavia, Binghamton, Maine Prairie and Foster's Station should each have one, or perhaps two.

The Yolo Democrat.

WOODLAND, YOLO CO., CAL.

THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1880.

A Strange Love.

I clasped her struggling to my heart,
I whispered low unknown;
One kiss on her red lips I pressed
And she was all my own.
I loved her with a love profound,
And death could not destroy,
And yet, I must confess, I found
My bliss had some alloy.
Nor once I saw her unaware
Upon a fellow's lap;
He claiming kisses ripe and rare—
I did not like the chap.
She had some faults (so have we all),
But one I hope I never thought of;
She had, alas, what I may call
A weakness for the bottle.
One morn I caught her ere was made
Her toilet, and beneath
An old straw hat her laugh betrayed
My darling had no teeth.
Unconscious of my presence she
With artful antics rare
Tossed off the hat, and—Gracious me!
Her head was minus hair.
But love is founded on a rock
And mighty in its might;
For I could learn without a shock
She could not read or write.
She could not dance or sing a tune
And scarcely could converse.
But what cared I, who was my own,
For better or for worse.
And yet I loved her and confessed
Devotion, and it may be,
You'd do the same if you possessed
Another such a baby.

—Detroit Free Press.

Jones Jones, or, if All Were Rich, Who Would Serve?

BY MABEL WINTHROP.

Fannie stood gazing out of the window, apparently deep in thought, for she seemed entirely unconscious of her brother's entrance into the library, and only turned when Jack, the irrepressible, called out to her:
"A penny for your thoughts, Fan."
"They're not worth it; I was only thinking how nice it would be to be rich," she answered with a sigh.
"Well, here's for a beginning," and Jack tossed her the offered penny.
"That's too suggestive of our poverty; what I want is dollars."
"It would be kind of nice, that's a fact," said Fannie, "to have to keep on the trot six days during the week, just for the sake of getting four dollars on Saturday night."

"I don't care about the working, but I'd like to dress as some people do. Lizzy Stevens just passed the window with such a lovely dress on, and a long blue plume in her hat that must have cost more than my whole suit," and Fannie gave another and deeper sigh, at the remembrance of the richly attired young girl whose passing had created such a longing to be rich.
"What would you like to be rich for, Bertie?" asked Uncle Jack, looking up from the paper he was reading, of the younger of the brothers.

Bertie seemed to know what reply was expected of him, and answered quite unabashed:

"Well, I wouldn't object to having turkey every day for dinner."
"Well said for our family ostrich," put in Jack. "But I never knew you to be satisfied in the eating line, and his unappetizing appetite had become a standing joke."

"Wouldn't it be splendid, now, if every one had just as much money as he wanted, and need work only when he felt like it?" continued Jack. "He was not a lazy boy, a fun-loving fellow, who very often would have preferred a good game of ball or marbles rather than be obliged to run on errands all day, which was his usual employment."

"I guess you have never heard the story of 'Jones Jones,' have you?" asked Uncle Jack.
"No; tell it to us," answered all the children in a chorus; and of course Uncle Jack had to tell them the story of the man who had been so rich, and related to them the sad results which followed when the world became rich in a hurry.

"Jones Jones was a Welshman, as you would easily guess from his name, even if I omitted to tell you that he had a great love of money, which trait is characteristic of the whole Welsh nation. Put a Welshman in the most out-of-the-way place and under the most disadvantageous circumstances, and although he may seem poor and live meagerly, ten to one you will find after his death that he has laid up quite a snug little fortune somewhere. But, unlike many people, a Welshman is willing to work for it, and, if need be, stint for it. Jones Jones was a hard-working Welshman, and managed to lay by something from his earnings every year, but it was a very slow process, and he grew impatient to become rich. One day as he was counting over his savings, he saw a man who he wished that he had more to count, and he included the whole world in his wish, just as Jack did."

Before a week had passed, Jones Jones saw that his money was accumulating, and seemed to come to him without trouble.
"I shall have to keep a bank account," said he, and the next morning he made his way to a prominent bank with a large amount of money to deposit, and the next week he did the same, but the next time Jones Jones went, the banker refused to take his gold.

"But I'll pay you well for taking care of it," said the Welshman.
"Don't want it," answered the banker, and it is safe enough on your front door-step, now that all the towns-people are getting so rich."

And Jones Jones found it so. Soon he had collected for a special set of clothes that he began to think of retiring from business.

"Now," said he to his family, "I can live comfortably without an anxious thought or care for your future." And as he stretched himself out in his luxurious easy-chair, he remarked with a look of satisfaction, "This is something like living!"

An idle life, however, was not what Jones Jones had been accustomed to, and time soon began to hang heavily on his hands. He tried to bethink him what other rich men did, and at last decided to while away the time in improving his house and grounds. Indeed, when he came to think about it, his house particularly needed it. Ex-

ternally it was very stiff and plain, and internally it was very cramped for a man of means. Yes, certainly, a wing was needed on the south side, and a bow-window on the front, and a Mansard roof would make the house more imposing.

So, after siding in his own mind what alterations would be needed, he stepped over to William Williams, the architect. Williams thought it would be a great improvement, but when Jones Jones patronizingly requested him to draw the plans, William Williams informed him with the air of a millionaire that he didn't do anything of that sort himself; and one would never suppose from his manner that he had given up his profession only the week before.

"Jones Jones was disappointed, but decided to try a builder by the name of Griffiths next, who was also a very good hand at designing." Griffiths consented to undertake the job "merely as a matter of friendship," if Jones Jones could furnish the masons and carpenters. But not a carpenter could he find who was willing to work for him. They had all given up their shops, some of them not being able to sell their business even. Finally, he came across a mason living very humbly, but upon inquiry he was told that the reason he was found in such poor quarters was that he could find no one to help him build a house for himself, and so was forced to live in the same old cottage, though the money lay in heaps on his floor.

"After fruitless efforts in every direction, Jones Jones was forced to content himself with his abode as it was. 'It's one comfort, any way,' he said to his wife, 'that we have enough to eat and to wear.'"

"It is all well enough if you have some one to cook the food and make the clothes," she answered, "but the cook told me to-day that she was going to be married, and no one will engage to take her place; and, worse than that, the dressmaker said that she would not take in any more work after this, as she had enough money to last her the rest of her life."

"The next day the gardener informed Jones Jones that he might look about for another hand, and smiled sardonically when he was threatened the loss of a month's wages if he left, as though money was of no account whatever."

"It's a blessing that we have our health and can do for ourselves," said Jones Jones to his family, as he went out to milk the cow and attend to the garden, while his wife went to break fast.

"Why don't you bring on the meat?" asked Jones of his wife after they were seated at the table.

"I couldn't get any," she answered, pathetically; "there isn't a meat market in the place open."

"Why didn't you go to the slaughter-house, then?"

"Jones Jones asked this a little savagely, for he was rather hot and tired. He was a plasterer by trade, accustomed to out-of-door-work, and was a little soured by the hot sun, as also was the milk which he had forgotten to carry to the house."

"That was closed, too, and the old butcher asked me if I supposed he would keep on at such beastly business as that when he didn't have to."

"Well, well, here was trouble! The cooking could be done, the dress-making and the garden could be got through with, though the latter was distasteful, but no one would kill his cattle, no one would make his butter, no one would weave his cloth, no one would mend his garden tools. He concluded that the world was composed of a miserable, lazy, selfish, disoblighing race of beings, and he came to consider the matter, he saw that everybody he knew was obliged to work harder than when he was poor. He himself longed to get back to his trade, which seemed mere play to him in comparison with the menial work he now performed."

"Of course he was as selfish and disoblighing and proud as any of them, for he had not persistently refused repeated requests to plaster this one's and that one's walls? Things could not go on in this way. No man could be his own butcher and barber, gardener and miller, weaver and mender of all work, even though he were as rich as Croesus. The first plan he could think of was to go to the butcher who had pleaded with him to do his plastering, and offer to do it in exchange for the killing of his cattle, which the butcher promised to do, if the miller would grind his wheat, which the miller promised to do, if the weaver would weave him some cloth, which the weaver promised to do, if the builder would build him a house, which the builder promised to do, if the carpenter would finish his. The carpenter said they would. So

"The money began to grow the rope, the rope began to hang the butcher. The butcher began to kill the ox, etc."

"And so the old woman got home to get her old man's supper," continued Jack, who had been an attentive and appreciative hearer of Jones Jones' perplexities.

"I smelt the beefsteak some time ago," said Bertie, true to himself, "and I think we had better look after our supper."

"Yes," said Uncle Jack, "there goes the supper bell, and I have not told you the moral of my story, but I think you can guess it yourselves, so I will let you try."

A COSTLY BIT OF RED TAPE.—Here is an illustration of the cost of red tape: In May, 1879, Mrs. Rachel Martin, then Postmistress at New Castle, Craig Co., Va., registered a letter containing \$34.25, being the amount due the Government on her postal account. The letter was stolen by W. E. Cundiff, the mail carrier on the route from New Castle to Salem, and Cundiff, having pleaded guilty, was sent to the Albany Penitentiary. The Postoffice Department acknowledge the facts, but Mrs. Martin is compelled to apply to Congress for a special act to authorize the department to credit her with the \$34.25, because she had by mistake directed the letter to "the Third Assistant Postmaster-General" instead of "the Treasurer of the United States." Before the matter is done with it will cost the Government several hundred dollars to correct that small mistake. It often happens that the printing of a relief bill and report costs far more than the amount claimed. Mrs. Martin's claim has been favorably reported.

—Washington Cor. of the Richmond (Va.) State.

The mother of the poet Saxe recently died at St. Albans, Vt., at the age of ninety-one.

Forms of Salutation.

Of the many forms of salutation, the custom of shaking hands is the most common among civilized nations. It undoubtedly comes from remote barbarism, when two men meeting gave each other their weapon brand, as a security against treachery or sudden attack.

On the European continent it is usual for men who are intimate friends to kiss one another, but this custom prevails only among ladies in this country and Great Britain. In the greater portion of Germany it is an act of politeness to kiss the hand of a lady; but this privilege is allowed in Italy only to near relatives, while in Russia it is extended to kissing the forehead. In the East and among the Slavonic nations the character of salutations is quite different. The custom of throwing one's self upon the ground and kissing the feet of the monarch prevails among the Persians. In China an inferior upon horseback kneeling a superior, dismounts and waits till the latter has passed. In Japan the inferior removes his sandals when meeting his superior, crosses his hands by placing his right hand in the left sleeve, and with a slow rocking motion of the body, cries out, "Angai Angai" (Do not hurt me.)

In Siam the inferior throws himself upon the ground before his superior, the latter sends forward one of his slaves to see whether the former has been eating anything, or carries with him any small object, and if he does, he is immediately kicked out, without ceremony, but if not, the inferior raises him up. In Ceylon, the inferior on meeting a superior throws himself upon the ground, repeating the name and dignity of the latter, and appears to take little notice of the prostrate form as he passes it. Among some tribes of the American Indian the custom is to salute by rubbing noses together. This custom is also common in the Friendly and Society Islands, where it is returned by each taking the hand of the other and rubbing it upon his own nose and mouth. The Moors of Morocco ride at full speed toward a stranger, as if they intended to strike him down, and on arriving near suddenly stop and fire a pistol over his head. In the Pelew Islands the inhabitants grasp either the hand or foot of the one they wish to salute, and rub their face against it. The Arabians shake hands six or eight times, and with a strong distinction, they embrace and kiss several times, also kissing their own hand. Yemen persons of rank permit their fingers to be kissed, after a long refusal.

In Turkey it is the custom to place the hands upon the breast, and to the person saluted. They are perhaps the most affectionate in the East; fancy the following: A gentleman meets a lady or another gentleman and applies his mouth and nose closely to their cheek and hand, and breathes strongly, as if smelling a delightful perfume, with both nose and mouth. Hence, instead of saying "Give me a kiss," a Bahmanian would say "Give me a smell." —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Richest Woman in America.

The richest woman in America, and indeed, excepting the Rothschilds and the Burdett-Contes, the richest in the world, is Mrs. E. H. Green, the wife of the Vice-President of the Louisville & Nashville road. She was a Miss Robinson, and her father was a whaling master at New Bedford. He owned a number of ships known as the blue line of whalers, and from his profession was known as "Blubber Robinson." He died when his daughter was a mere girl, and left her a fortune of about eight millions.

After his death, she married Mr. Green, who was a very rich man when she married him, and has been successful since. It is said by one who should know that the income of this couple is \$3,500,000 a year. Mr. Green is rather large in stature, and of a friendly, courteous, and of modest habits. He is about forty-seven years of age, and she is about forty-three.

The richest young ladies in New York are the Misses Garner, the daughters of Commodore Garner, who were dropped under a yacht that overturned a few years ago. He made his fortune in Wall street, and upon his death was able to leave his daughters \$4,000,000 or \$5,000,000 each. Added to this they are charming and beautiful young ladies. —Cor. Adams (Ga.) Constitution.

A Milky Sea.

The phenomenon of a milky sea has been known to occur in certain parts of the Indian and Pacific oceans. It is characterized by a drop of the luminous appearance in question an electrical effect in thunder storms; others have attributed it to cadaveric decomposition of marine animals and plants; others to the emanations of fisher-fish, about it. But the truth appears to be that it results from an accumulation of animalcules, capable of becoming phosphorescent, spontaneously or by friction. Some interesting information on the subject of the milky sea has recently been published by Lieutenant Pournin, of the French iron-clad L'Armide, which in February last met with a milky sea in the passage from Point de Galle to Aden. The nights of February 9, 10, 12 and 13 were characterized by the phenomenon in all its splendor, the ship during the night traversing 600 miles (1,100 kilometers) in a mean latitude of twelve degrees, north, between the meridians of 61 deg. and 51 deg. east longitude. There was a heavy rain, the sky was clear, the moon new, the barometer, thermometer and hygrometer were regular, and a gentle northeast monsoon was blowing. The temperature of the surface of the water was constant at twenty-five degrees. The sea was a deep blue, covered with a clear night, and all trace of undulations was lost sight of. The milky look was hardly disturbed by the motion of the ship and working of the screw (which shows that the layer had considerable thickness and was not a mere film), but the hue of the sea was somewhat altered. Looked at attentively over the ship's side at night, the water was seen to contain an enormous number of luminous particles pressed close together, and looking at the sky from the side (where disturbed). Some 400 of these corpuscles—one to two centimeters long—could be counted in a bucket holding ten litres of the water. Drawn out, these were seen to be of the phosphorescent nature, which quickly dried and disappeared, leaving a dark globule one millimeter in diameter, which, in the microscope, presented a transparent ovoid animalcule, filled with eggs, and moving its fins and tentacles incessantly. A drop of water added to the dark globule brought back its luminosity; and when the creature was bruised in the hand it gave a bright mark, which was quickly extinguished and which had no smell. The milky water kept till day and looked at in the dark, shows no luminosity, even though agitated; nor does the water procured by day and brought into darkness. It remains to be determined what causes the luminosity of these animalcules, and the phenomenon before us is not the position of the various milky seas on the globe, the times of their appearance, whether they persist in the same place or not, etc. Several of the officers on board L'Armide have witnessed the phenomenon before, but never so brilliant or so continuous. The Armide, on going out, had passed thirty leagues further north in February, 1878, without encountering anything of the kind. —London Times.

About 20,000 gallons of beer were very appropriately and usefully employed in extinguishing a fire in a German brewery in Monte Video a short time ago.

Dore's Boyish Work.

He was eleven years old, he told me, when he made his first drawing for publication, but his first actual work, a set of caricatures of the "Labors of Hercules," was produced when he was thirteen. At the age of fifteen he was a regular contributor to a host of cheap illustrated publications, "in France, Germany, Russia, Poland, and I know not where else besides," he added, laughing.

Two years later he issued his "Wandering Jew," probably the most remarkable series of illustrations ever conceived and executed by a boy of seventeen. In those early days he used to make sometimes as many as three or four drawings a day, for each of which he charged five francs. It was the period of cheap novels, issued in numbers, in newspaper form, at ten and twelve cents the number, and his facile pencil was called into play to illustrate the works of writers long ago forgotten, such as "Alphonso Bro", the "Bibliophile," "Jacob," etc., etc. Sometimes he was not paid for his work—often it was not even signed. Then again he would execute a series of drawings for a poor publisher that would perish before reaching half a dozen numbers, and so his work would be lost. I told him of an American admirer who once tried to form a collection of these earlier efforts of his genius. He laughed at the idea, and said that to form anything like a complete one would be impossible, as he did not possess one himself, nor would it be possible now to find many of the light, ephemeral publications in which they appeared.

"Moreover," he said, "there are too many of them. In the first eleven years of my artistic career I must have produced, not hundreds, but thousands of illustrations."

He then spoke of one of his earliest works, a "Comic History of Russia," namely, a series of caricatures published during the Crimean war, and afterwards prohibited by the Government. This work has become extremely rare, and he said that he only possesses one copy of it himself, and that it is in very bad condition. "I wish," said I, "M. Dore, that you would make a Madam," he replied, laughing, "they were each a caricature of a famous person they were set aside by side. I would have to engage the Palais de l'Industrie to hold my exhibition." He then told me that he had in his possession whole boxes full of unpublished illustrations that he had never been able to get down to the public.

Some joking remark was made respecting the great artist's persistent celibacy. "Ah," he replied, "I have been too lazy to marry, and now I am too old to do so. Besides, I have been so happy in my family relations that I have had no inclination for matrimony."

He alluded, I believe, to his mother, who is still living and to whom he has always been most tenderly devoted. He was once something that he let fall I was long in guessing that he was a vague idea of visiting the United States at no very distant date, and that a series of illustrations of American life would be the result of his journey did he ever undertake it. Niagara and the wonders of the world would afford congenial subjects for his pen. —Paris Letter to Philadelphia Telegraph.

Home-Made Feather Dusters.

The feathers of the common barnyard fowl can be used for this purpose and made into handsome brushes with little trouble and expense. Separate the various kinds, reserving the prettiest for the outside; then put them into iron pans and become seasonal, but not baked. After this is accomplished take a light hammer and flatten each quill.

If any old feather duster handles are to be used, have a treasure; if not so fortunate you can easily improvise a handle from the rounds of old chairs, or an old broom handle oiled or stained will answer every purpose. Have a quantity of glue prepared, and keep the water surrounding it constantly boiling hot. With a sharp knife or saw notch out a series of grooves in the lower part of the handle, about an inch apart, and with a ball of smooth twine proceed to tie on the feathers. Take the quills in the left hand, dip the end into the glue and quickly arrange a number of the smaller and softer feathers around the flat part, above the first groove; saturating the twine with glue, draw it twice around in the groove and over the feathers, having been unable to glue and quickly fastening with a strong tack in the very end of the handle. Keep adding rows of feathers and fastening with twine, applying hot glue to each part until the entire is covered. Then taking the long feathers, carefully bend them until they form a border, gracefully curved outward, as in the regular dusters. Finally, with a brush, apply hot glue, until all the interstices are filled, then wind with twine until quite uniform. While the twine is being applied with plaster of paris, using a spoon to dip among the quills. Let it become perfectly dry, when the feathers will be found perfectly secure, forming a solid mass around the handle.

To measure the size of the brush, cut out a piece of leather (colored) or oilcloth large enough to cover it, and glue the edges neatly together, first gluing the lower part. When dry slip this band over the glued part of the brush, and with small ribbon-tacks nail a band of galoon, ribbon or cloth, pinked on both edges, over the upper part.

Thus finished, the home-made brush is as neat and pretty, and certainly as durable, as the light-priced ones sold in the stores. —Household.

BE CHEERFUL.—Don't let us get soured with life. It does not mend matters for us, and it makes us very disagreeable to others. If we have had a bad day, don't let it spoil the rest of the day. We have no right to be angry with anybody. We love the fresh, light-hearted laugh of a child. Why not light it ourselves in after years? Does gloaming ease any burdens? We love the hope and faith of children. Are we any better off than we have allowed them to slip from us? We love the ardent and natural enthusiasm of children. Are we any wiser if we have covered up all the impulse and warm feeling of our nature, so that the world knows only a cold, calm exterior? We know a woman who has lost all her property, though once very rich; nearly all her friends by death; has her hands so cramped by rheumatism that she has been unable to do any of her proper work; yet she is full of sunshine, and thanks God every day for the great enjoyment she finds in life. We know another who, in the midst of luxury, wishes she had not been born, and some others all but ready to hang themselves. Not all of us shall have to give account in the judgment as to what manner of spirit we have possessed.

STORES IN PARIS.—The book-stores of Paris are often kept by women, who are expert and intelligent in their property. Unless you are a known customer, you cannot enter the regular book-shops of Paris and take down the volumes you desire to examine. If you cannot tell the book you wish and the price you are willing to pay, the proprietress will let you know bluntly enough that you are not wanted. Down on the quays, however, where second-hand books are sold, the management is different. If you turn over the volumes from morning to night, nobody will say anything to you. Do not judge the quays' wealth by the afternoon's store. They are richest in the morning. Book auctions commonly take place at night, and purchases are put into boxes before noon; so that it is the early hours of the day that the book hunters give chase. In the afternoon there is nothing left worth buying.

CHEERY PUDDING.—Make a crust for ordinary pies, only adding one teaspoonful of baking powder; line with a deep dish, and fill with the large red sour cherries, stoned and well sweetened; shake over them a dust of flour, and roll the top crust thick, as for a meat pie; stew a few more of the cherries so as to have plenty of juice, and pour this over the fruit, so that it will be moist enough. When it is done make a meringue of the whites of three eggs, beaten with sugar and spread over the top, returning it to the oven for a minute or two, until it is a light brown. Eat cold, and you have a dessert fit for a king.

CANNED TOMATOES.—Do not salt the tomatoes, but put them in bakerspan just as they are. Wash and dry them first. Let them bake fifteen minutes, then take them out and pour off all the fluid which has come from them; throw this liquor away. Peel the tomatoes when they are cool; cook them in a large kettle for a fair hour and a half. Warm the cans, and when the tomatoes are scalding hot pour them in the cans and solder. Put no seasoning in them. They should be fully ripe.

BROCK BREAD.—Take two and a half cups of Graham flour; two cups of Indian meal; two-thirds of a cup of sirup; one pint of milk; one pint of water, or if you have not plenty of milk use all water; one teaspoonful of saleratus and one of soda. Steam four hours. It is excellent. I always make it to eat with baked beans.

BISCUIT MAKING.—If, when making biscuits, the saleratus is sifted with the flour instead of dissolving it in water, the biscuit will be lighter and better. I use a mixture of best tepaspoonful of saleratus to two cups of soft milk, or buttermilk. I prefer buttermilk, but the biscuit must be mixed as soft as possible.

HAIR OIL.—Castor oil, half a pint; alcohol (95 per cent) a pint; a pint of camphor, a quarter of an ounce; oil of bergamot, two drams. A red or crimson tinge may be given the oil by sleeping in it for three days a little alkali root, say two drams.

A Buried Cemetery.

The excavations at Salona, Dalmatia, carried out at the expense of the Austrian Ministry of Education, have just been recommenced, under the guidance, as before, of Professor Glavinich, the director of the Spalato Museum, to whose labors in this field archaeologists are already so much indebted.

Outside the walls, a hundred yards or so, to the north of the point within the walls where the remains of a Christian baptistry had already been brought to light by Signor Carrara, stands the large church of St. Doimo, whose name still preserves that of the proconsul of the Roman city. Near this spot several sarcophagi of late Roman form had from time to time come to light, and it was here, therefore, that Professor Glavinich set about his work of excavation, with a view of discovering the extent and character of the cemetery that evidently lay below the surface. The work was begun in the autumn of 1874, with results far exceeding the most sanguine hopes of the investigators. These results, up to the present date, have been to lay bare not only a number of Christian sarcophagi dating from the fourth and fifth centuries, but part of the ground-plan of a large building. The first part of this brought to light consisted of what appears to have been a small chapel, with an apse at the northern extremity; in the center, the altar steps; and ranged along the side wall in two rows, one superposed above the other, Christian sarcophagi. These are still to be seen in situ, and once the upper row bears an inscription, written from right to left, recording the erection of the monument in the consulship of Honorius and Theodosius, A. D. 403. This side chapel opens into a small intermediate chamber, where no tombs were discovered, and this again, into the main body of what must have been a considerable basilica. At present only the eastern end of this, terminating in a semi-circular apse, has been brought to light, and the rest has been disinterred. This basilica was a veritable "Church of the Martyrs."

The pavement had been built over an area literally crowded with Christian sarcophagi, the keeled roofs of some of these having been chiseled away so as not to interfere with the level of the pavement subsequently laid above them, and of which, indeed, they formed a partial support. It is remarkable that these hither sarcophagi had been broken into for purposes of plunder, as were also those in the side chapel. The Christian cemetery must, therefore, in all probability, have been rifled by barbarian hands before the erection of what may have been a memorial church above them. The rifling of the tombs, probably of later date, in the chapel of this subsequently erected basilica, was no doubt the work of a later barbarian incursion, perhaps of the great incursion of the Slavs and Avars that of the year 640, which overwhelmed Salona herself. That the basilica itself—the Church of the Martyrs, as, perhaps, we may venture to call it—continued to be used for a considerable period is shown by the appearance of a layer of mosaic pavement, superposed above each other at intervals of a few inches. Above these lie the remains of mighty monolithic granite columns and Corinthian capitals, copied in slightly debased style from those standing in the peristyle of Diocletian's palace at Spalato. —Harper's Weekly.

Cerebral Diseases.

Professor William A. Hammond delivered an interesting address before the Medico-Legal Society on the 7th inst., upon "General Paralysis of the Insane, with special reference to the case of Abraham Gosling." Dr. C. S. Wood presided, and before the delivery of the address a large amount of miscellaneous business was transacted. Dr. Hammond was received with applause. He said: In accepting your invitation I was not unmindful of the fact that the society is composed in great part of gentlemen of the legal profession, and that hence what I might have to say should be devoid, as far as possible, of technical expressions. The matter is one which ought to be understood more in its strictly medical relations by our legal fellow members. The subject is one of the utmost importance, both to the medical and the legal professions. It relates to a disease of the brain which is daily becoming more frequent, and which is appearing more and more in the guise of an outcome of civilization. I speak of a disease which is characterized by a remarkable series of physical and mental symptoms, so decided in character, so readily capable of recognition, that a competent observer could not fail to detect it, and yet within the past few weeks a case has occupied the courts of New York in which physicians on one side testified to the existence of the disease in question, and physicians on the other were equally confident that there was no such disease. Surely this is not credible. Some forms of insanity may be of such an obscure nature and the attendant circumstances may be honestly interpreted so differently by competent experts, that a verdict of opinion is not only allowable but is to be expected, just as there are laws which are differently interpreted by different courts. But in regard to other cases there is a uniform concurrence of opinion, and as we have learned in the law and differences are only possible where they result from ignorance or want of attention.

The disease of which I speak is like one of these laws. It cannot be mistaken for anything else, or fail of recognition, except as the consequence of imperfect knowledge somewhere among those who give their opinions concerning it. There are many names for the disease. By some it is called general paresis, by others general paralysis, again, general paresis of the insane, and again paralytic insanity. For many reasons I think this latter is the best of all the designations proposed and I shall therefore use it. I shall not go into any minute description of the disease, or the nature of its pathology or its treatment. My object is merely to present a picture of it so that one can see for himself what it is like and all determine for themselves whether the case to which I have alluded was or was not of the disease or not. I therefore confine my remarks almost entirely to a consideration of the symptoms and then apply them to the case in point.

Paralytic insanity is the better name, and it is a term which is used by those who are conversant with the disease. It is a disease which can be recognized when it is seen. Physical symptoms first manifest themselves, the mental symptoms following later on. The former are not always well defined. Usually there is a tremulous motion about the lips, as if the patient were about to burst into tears. Tremor of the upper lip is indicative of the presence of paralysis of the muscles, which extends over all the muscles of the body. Impediment of speech follows—the trouble being more with the articulation of words than with the idea of speech. Presently the mental symptoms come on. The patient does things showing a lack of the decencies of everyday life. Frequently the mania takes the form of inordinate every spending, and the patient spends money recklessly. One of my patients went down town and bought several hundred shovels, another bought all the dogs he could find, still another undertook the task of buying pretty nearly all the jewelry of a large establishment, and only stopped when the proprietress became alarmed and refused to sell him any more. This man took the jewelry he purchased home, and bedecking his wife until she glittered with gems from head to foot, compelled her to walk up and down before him. Then he went to a clerk for \$5,000 and gave it to his wife. When I was sent for the patient told me that he was going to Europe. He intended to make the voyage over in the Great Eastern and would charter the Scotia as a tender. He would claim pay me \$1,000,000 a month and he would have a hand on the vessel, the members of which should be attired in a uniform of blue velvet with diamond buttons.

In making the application of his terms Dr. Hammond described his visit to Abraham Gosling in the Tombs on the 25th of February, and of the thorough examination made of his case, claiming that Gosling showed all the symptoms above described. He added: "This was a well marked case of general paresis of the insane. Gosling was not a paralytic I never saw him, and I never saw his professional reputation upon that fact. If that man is alive in three years I will burn my diploma and retire to private life."

Dr. Hammond, who appeared for the defense on the Gosling case, defended his professional action in the matter. Gosling appeared to him to be sane at the time of his trial. If he had had delusions they had disappeared. He found him an excellent talker and a fair singer. He had seen him eat and detected no difficulty in his swallowing.

A BURLINGTON STORY UTILIZED.—The surrender of the "ninety-two" or nothing" fellow at Springfield, recalls the story of the eastern man who, returning back to his home, had a dollar in the lowest figure I will take. These are bottom figures. Then, by way of postscript, he added: "If you won't give fifteen hundred you can have it for twelve hundred." In a few days the answer came that the party who took the property for twelve hundred dollars, I expect the owner remarked: "Well, I expect I shall have to sell at these figures, but I was in hopes he could give fifteen hundred." —Inter-Ocean.

Secure your liberty poles now. The liberty season is approaching and the price of poles, as well as the poles themselves, are going up. A tall pole, and eternal vigilance is the price of it up, is the price of liberty this year.

When cows have learned to read and horses to appreciate dry goods it will pay some enterprising firm to convert itself on rocks, trees and fence-boards.

Puzzled.

The late Gov. Todd, of Ohio, who was fond of a joke even at his own expense, used to tell an incident of his early political life, showing how an humble comrade failed to understand his friend's political honors. "Dave," as Todd was familiarly known, had been elected to Congress, and at the close of his first term, was appointed by the President, Minister to Bogota.

While waiting in Philadelphia for a passage to Bogota, he met one day on Dock street, an old companion with whom he had chopped wood for the Mahoning Iron Company. The man saluted him with rough familiarity: "Hillo, Dave!"

Dave turned and at once recognized Tom Sturgis. After a few words of warm greeting, Tom said: "Well, Dave, what are you doing here?"

"Well," was the reply, "the President has appointed me Minister to Bogota, and I am waiting here for a passage."

A look of incredulity spread over Tom's honest face, a low whistle came to his lips, and then followed a burst of surprise.

"Why, Dave, all the Presidents in the world can never make a preacher of you!"

In the Sydney Exhibition there is a house built and furnished throughout from paper. The structure is one story high, and its skeleton is made of wood. The exterior is molded in carton-pierre, whilst the interior is covered with the same material, being painted on the floor, forming splendid arabesques on the walls, and molded in imitation of plaster on the ceilings. The doors, cupboards and shelves are of the same material, whilst the entire furniture, including chandeliers and a stove, in which a fire can be lighted, is made of papier-mache. The carpets and curtains are of paper, and there is a bedroom in which there is not only a large bed made of papier-mache, but there are also blankets, sheets, quilts, and female underclothing, dresses, and bonnets, in the latest styles, composed solely of carton-pate. It is proposed to give a series of banquets in this building, in which the plates, dishes, knives, forks and glasses will all be of paper. —Paper-makers' Journal.

WHERE VEGETABLES GROW.—Many of our good things originally came from abroad. Cabbage grew wild in Siberia; brussels sprouts originated in Persia; celery originated in Germany; the potato is a native of Peru; the onion originated in Egypt; tobacco is a native of South America; millet was first discovered in India; the nettle is a native of Europe; the citron is a native of Asia; oats originated in North Africa; rye came originally from Siberia; parsley was first discovered in Sardinia; the parsnip is a native of Arabia; spinach was first cultivated in Arabia; the cauliflower was brought from Peru; the apple and pear are from Europe; the horse-chestnut is a native of Thibet; the quince came from the island of Crete; the radish is a native of China and Japan; the horse-radish came from the south of Europe; the pear is supposed to be of Egyptian origin.

Lord Byron's Daughter.

Few persons probably have ever read the commencement and conclusion of the third canto of "Childe Harold" without a deep interest in the "Ada" he so lovingly apostrophizes. The story of her life, intimately enough known to those repositories of unwritten biographies of the aristocracy—the Pall Mall Club—has not often been told abroad.

It will be remembered that the first and only born of that unhappy marriage of Lord Byron to Miss Anne was just five weeks old when the mother and wife, for reasons never satisfactorily explained, returned to her father's house. Here the infant grew into girlhood under the care of her mother, and here, after Lady Byron's accession to her property, were the foundations of Augusta Ada's education laid.

Inheriting uncommon genius, though, as we shall presently explain, wholly devoid of the poetic and dramatic gifts brought up with the most tender care, and educated by the most thorough training. Her personal beauty developed with her mind. She is described by a person who frequently saw her, when she was about twenty years she was living with her mother at Clifton Springs, as of the most queenly presence and graceful carriage, her complexion fresh, her features of perfect contour, her eyes large and brilliant, her head set upon her shoulders like her father's, her hair chestnut, abundant and wavy, and her person slightly embonpoint, but perfect in proportions. To these charms there were added a voice of great sweetness, and a vivacity in conversation that held in thrall all who approached her.

Her tastes, however, were for pure mathematics. Whether owing to her education—for she read no poetry, and never saw a work of Lord Byron till past her puberty—or to inheritance from her mother, her understanding of the exact sciences was excellent by no woman of her time, except Mrs. Somerville, and, indeed, by age the other sex. In proof of her extraordinary attainments in this respect, it is mentioned by the late Charles Babbage, in his "Passages from the Life of a Philosopher," that she informed him she had translated for her amusement, "Membres of the Memoir of the Analytical Engine," from the "Bibliothèque Universelle." He proposed that she should add notes of her own. This she did, extending them to three times the length of the original memoir. Babbage says that to all persons capable of understanding the reasoning, it furnishes "a demonstration that the operations of analysis are capable of being executed by machinery." This translation with the notes may be found in volume XXXI. of the "Transactions of the Royal Society."

Ada Byron was married to the earl of Lovelace in March, 1835. The marriage was not an unhappy one. Her husband, respectable in talents and domestic habits, lord-lieutenant of his county and high in social position, suitable in age and possessed of large estates, regarded his wife with mingled feelings of affection and admiration. Unwilling that she should be known publicly as an authoress, he, nevertheless, often after once gave permission that certain of her articles on various branches of science should be published in the name of her husband. Being well acquainted with her, children were born to them; their tastes were no more dissimilar than was consistent with common life, and her home was often spoken of by those old enough to remember the two, as furnishing a happy contrast to that which her mother had abandoned twenty years before.

But Lady Lovelace craved excitement. Neither town life nor country was sufficient to satisfy her inherited desire for constant stimulus. Neither her studies nor her pen, the care of her children nor the pleasures of society, her rank among the aristocracy, nor the admiration of her beauty, the gifts received wherever she appeared, were sufficient. She speculated in the funds, bet at horse-races, bought and sold in the stock market, and finally, during the railway mania, that time of the lead of Hindustan, second only in its universality among the rich and great to the South Sea bubble of the early days of the last century, partook largely in the ventures. All this could be done without the knowledge, as it was, of her husband. Beside the sample "pin money" allowed her in the marriage-settlement, large returns came to her from trust funds held for her in her own right.

But she went too deep. Her risks were too numerous. Her losses were too inopportune, her operations became a bankruptcy, and her operations were exposed, in his assets before the courts, to the world. Terribly mortified, she appeared, with her husband, to save the scandal of any legal process, cancelled her liabilities by a very considerable pecuniary sacrifice. The shock, however, was too great for her excitable nature, and it has always been believed, by those who best knew what followed, that the shame she felt at the exposure was the remote, if not the proximate, cause of her death.—*N. Y. Home Journal.*

BIG ELMS IN NEW ENGLAND.—In Deerfield, Mass., the Williams elm measures in circumference, at one foot from the ground, 30 feet; at four feet, 19 feet; at seven feet, 20 feet.

Another elm measures, at the same elevations, 27, 18½, and 19 feet. Another measures 22½, 15½, and 13½. This last named tree has a spread of 100 feet. The Williams elm measures in its spread at least 150 feet. At Wetherfield, Ct., there is an elm which measures, at three feet and three inches from the ground, 22 feet 5 inches. The girth of this tree where the roots enter the ground is 55 feet 6 inches. Its main limbs are great trees in themselves. Thus, the circumference of the south branch is 16 feet 8 inches; of the east branch, 11 feet 6 inches; of the north, 11 feet 2 inches; of the west, 8 feet 7 inches. From north to south the diameter of the spread is 150 feet; from east to west, 152 feet, and the circumference of the spread is 429 feet.—*Harford Times.*

Prof. Gray cites an instance of a century plant that developed 2,000,000,000 cells in twenty-four hours. He ought to have charged the census if he can count that way.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

The heart ought to give to clarity when the hand cannot.

An Earthly Paradise.

When Gen. Sheridan said that if he owned hell and Texas, he would sell out Texas and go and live in the other place, a Texas journalist good-naturedly responded: "Hang a man who won't stand up for his own country!" It will probably surprise a good many people to learn that there is a Russian who not only dares stand up for Siberia, but shows that he has some reason for doing it.

He takes for his text the statement which has appeared in the English papers, that "there are at this moment millions of Poles being tortured to death in the quicksilver mines of Siberia simply because they are Russian Catholics." He says it is no easy task to find out the real state of things in Russia, because their language is not easy to learn, and the Russians will not take the trouble to publish a self-defense in any foreign tongue. Siberia, he says, is indeed a penal colony like those to which England exiles its criminals at the other end of the world, and Russians have been told stories of horrors of the chain-gang and the lash at the antipodes which rival the worst stories that have been invented about the quicksilver mines.

As to the millions of Poles, he says there has been in the present century only a total of half a million exiles, or less than 10,000 a year, and the majority of these are Russians. The Poles, moreover, were exiled not because of their religion, but because of their rebellion. Imaginary, not real geography, is studied in England, and they do not know that Siberia is the northern half of the Asiatic Continent, exceeding in size the whole of Europe. It is almost uninhabitable in the extreme north, but the best land is seen there. It is too far off and it would be ruinous to have to feed them in those dreary expanses of ice and snow. Criminals are exiled to Siberia in order to dispose of them cheaply, and this object would be defeated by sending them to the Arctic circle. Siberia, with few exceptions, means to the exiles the fertile South, with rich and cultivated soil, with large manufacturing cities, with schools and a university. After the sentence has expired, the exiles are aided by the advantages of the country, often remain there. An English traveler, Mr. Barry, says the climate is as mild as that of Italy, the soil, of prodigious fertility, fruit grows wild, game abounds, food is exceedingly cheap. No country in the world offers the same advantages to a young man with small capital. Another Englishman, who has employed workmen in Russia, says those from Siberia never remain long. They begin to pine for home, saying: "This is very good, but not like Siberia."

Siberia is not a large torture chamber and endless quicksilver mine; it is a gigantic emigration field, whither criminals are sent for the double purpose of getting rid of them, and supplying a sparse province with colonists. In 1860, the number sent to Siberia was 20,000 out of a population of 84,000. In England and Wales, with only a quarter of the population, there are 12,000 criminal convictions annually. The Russian convicts are pickpocketed into Siberia and permitted to go wherever, or do whatever they like, short of committing actual crime. So little watch is kept of them that large numbers escape, and the country is so rich that they can live without work, which frequently ends in their becoming idle, good-for-nothing vagabonds. The quicksilver mines are reserved for murderers and political criminals of the worst kind, who in England would have been hanged off-hand; but capital punishment has been abandoned in Russia. The stories of the cruelties inflicted upon the Poles, are no worse than those which are told of those inflicted upon the Fenians.

Another English traveler, one Capt. Wiggins, says that Siberia is infinitely richer and finer country than Canada or the northern part of America generally. The exiles do not now suffer from the severity of the times of Peter, Catherine, Paul or Nicholas. Since the accession of the present Czar, the complaint is growing up that the punishment is becoming so mild as to lose its terror. Live a little Russian, go from a bad climate to a better, and are in such good company that the discipline of transportation is slight. Even the criminals lead quite as comfortable and more moral lives than the same class in other countries. Society in the large towns is pleasant and polished. No country has such a perfect system of water communication—the valleys of the Mississippi and the Amazon alone excepted. There are inland seas, some not much smaller than Lake Superior. There is rich "black earth," soil, salt, coal, iron, gold and black lead. Beef costs five cents a pound and game of all kinds can be got in such abundance that living costs almost nothing. Corn is sold for one cent a bushel, and a hired man for a cent a mile. Salt costs less than \$4 a ton and wheat is \$6 or \$7 a ton.

So that if Siberia is not an earthly paradise it is the Russianopah in England will not permit, or admit it.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.—The most astonishing thing a contemporary ever heard of in the way of a timepiece is a clock described by a Hindoo rajah as belonging to a native prince of Upper India, and jealously guarded as the rarest treasure of his luxurious palace. In front of the clock's disk was a gong, swung upon poles, and near it was a pile of artificial human limbs. The pile was made up of the full number of parts of twelve perfect bodies, but all lay heaped together in seeming confusion. Whenever the hands of the clock indicated the hour of time, one of the parts crawled just the number of parts needed to form the frame of one man, part joining itself to part with quick, metallic click; and when completed, the figure sprang up, seized a mallet, and, walking up to the gong, struck one blow that sent the sound pealing through every room and corridor of the stately palace. This done, he returned to the pile and fell to pieces again. When two o'clock came, two men arose and did likewise; and through all the hours, the number of figures being the same as the number of the hour, till at noon and midnight the entire heap sprang up, and, marching to the gong, struck one after another each his blow, and then fell to pieces.

Lord Beaconsfield, to an illustrious lady who asked him one day at dinner when the relations with Russia were halting, "What are you waiting for?" answered: "I am waiting for mutton and potatoes."

Hunting the Giraffe.

One time Mr. Barnum wanted a giraffe for his big show—a real live giraffe, not a stuffed fellow with a glass eye, like the one he carried around last year. And so he hired an Englishman, who was a great hunter of all sorts of foreign animals, to go to Africa and see if he could catch one alive. The hunter got together everything he wanted, and started.

In about two months he came to the country where the giraffes live—a beautiful land it is, too, where there is never cold, and there are palm trees, and all sorts of birds, and monkeys, parrots, leopards, and lions—and where the woods are like a big animal show without any cages. The hunter soon found a zebra village, where the natives said they knew all about the giraffes. But they only grinned and shook their woolly heads when he told them he wanted one alive; and one of them ran very fast, with great long steps, and then stopped and kicked up his heels—which was his way of telling the hunter how the giraffes were.

So the hunter went on, and he brought along a swift horse, and some long, stout slip-noose lassoes, besides his guns and dogs, and said he'd show 'em how to hunt. So the next day he started out, with some eight or ten men to help him. They trotted along by a river bank for a few miles, till they came to the woods where the giraffes were feeding, and pretty soon saw two big fellows, about fourteen feet tall, browsing about the tops of young trees, whose tender leaves they like.

The hunter knew he couldn't get at them without being seen, because the giraffe has a very large, full eye, and can see on all sides, and he knows that he needs to do to keep out of the way of lions and leopards. So he called to the negroes to follow, and rode right at the giraffes, with his slip-noose coiled up in his hand. They can see on all sides, and he knows that he needs to do to keep out of the way of lions and leopards. So he called to the negroes to follow, and rode right at the giraffes, with his slip-noose coiled up in his hand. They can see on all sides, and he knows that he needs to do to keep out of the way of lions and leopards. So he called to the negroes to follow, and rode right at the giraffes, with his slip-noose coiled up in his hand.

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Paper as a Raw Material.

Continuous progress in the industrial arts compels us from time to time to note the changes, and in most instances, the surprising uses to which paper is put by ingenious producers. Manufactured paper has become a protean raw material to manufacturers of everything all over the world, and Europe, in many instances, the original makers of bona fide paper prepare the useful material in accordance with the peculiar demands of those who change paper into the most surprising forms and uses. As a rule, however, the ingenious manipulators of paper take the product as it comes from the mills and transform it into railroad car wheels, roofing, carpets, vessels for holding water, barrels, and chimney pots. German papers just now seem with accounts of a paper stove, in which a fire blazes cheerfully night and day, without inflicting the slightest damage on the material that for so long a time was universally considered as flammable. An ingenious manufacturer has obtained the latter objection and the former clumsiness by making paper blankets. They are quite as warm as their woolen prototypes, very much cheaper, though not of course as durable, and, which, instead of being an objection, is a recommendation.—*Printer's Circular.*

Colored Justice. Several days ago a white man was arrested back in England, or somewhere else, for he had fastened one end of his lasso to his horse's saddle, and as the giraffe started to run he pulled the horse toward him, and all of a sudden he wheeled and kicked the horse smack in the breast. The blow sent the horse and rider rolling in the sand; the lasso broke and away went the giraffe at a 340 gallop into the woods.

The native saw up a chatter of laughing, and showed ivory enough to make keys for a piano. But the hunter was plucky, he wasn't to be stopped, so, though he said the beast was the longest-range kicker he ever saw, and his legs, he limped back to the village and said he'd try again.

So the next day he fixed up four long lassoes, and took only three of the best native hunters with him, for he was sure to kill a giraffe. He got sight of four or five more giraffes, and watched them until they went to lay down for the night. Then, when it was nearly dark, he told the negroes to follow him, and do just as he told them. He kept his eyes carefully on their hands and knees after him, and went so slow and still that even a deer could hardly hear them.

The giraffe lies down, you know, very like a camel—with his long legs tucked under his body and his hind legs sticking out. The hunter told one of the negroes to take one leg, and he would the other, when they got near enough, and slip a lasso over it, and winch under his body and his hind legs sticking out. The hunter told one of the negroes to take one leg, and he would the other, when they got near enough, and slip a lasso over it, and winch under his body and his hind legs sticking out. The hunter told one of the negroes to take one leg, and he would the other, when they got near enough, and slip a lasso over it, and winch under his body and his hind legs sticking out.

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The Women's Protective Union.

This society was established some sixteen years ago, to promote the interests of women who obtain a livelihood by other employments than household service, and especially to provide them with legal protection from the frauds and impositions of unscrupulous employers. In making shirts at fifty cents a dozen there may not seem to be scope for fraud; but little as some working-women are paid, it is diminished by a variety of tricks of the trade, and sometimes it is withheld altogether. There are employers who are never able to make the exact amount of a few cents from week to week, until the total loss to the unfortunate employees is many dollars. There are other employers who find no little profit in exacting a deposit from the women to whom they give work, ostensibly as security, but practically as a premium, the depositor never obtaining her money again; and another way of still further impoverishing the fagged-out women is to deduct something on the ground that their work is not as good as the sample, or that it is delayed in delivery.

The sewing-machine frauds are pretty familiar. Every woman who lives by sewing must have a machine, and a machine is a costly article. But there are hosts of accommodating agents who supply the desideratum on easy, even generous, terms.

There is a silent, lock-stitch, fully-improved article. Take it home, madam, and pay for it in installments of five dollars a week. Nine fives are forty-five; in nine weeks it will be yours. More than this, I will give you work to the amount of five dollars a week, and you need not put your hand into your pocket once.

Who can say that it is a bleak, faithless, and merciless world when such men as these abound? The woman signs a paper, almost invariably without reading it, as the greater part of it being printed, it has every appearance of authenticity; and the machine, with all its improvements, is delivered to her. Not unlikely, unless she is absent a worn-out article, regit and refurbished, has been foisted upon her; and in this case she will be allowed to hold it when the installments are complete. But if it is a valuable machine, the intention of the agent is to eventually deprive her of it. Perhaps he assures her that he has the fullest confidence in her, that she need not be over-punctilious with her installments, and she, perhaps, believing him, delays payment for two or three weeks, when she is within a few dollars of her last installment. On the pretext that she has not fulfilled her part of the contract she is dispossessed of the machine; and when the document which she has unwittingly signed is examined, it is found to be so constructed that the seizure is legalized. In nearly all cases the price put upon the machine is more than its value, and the sum is increased if the woman pays for her own work, the employer deducting various amounts on the plea, before mentioned, that her work is not up to the standard.

It is against such mean swindles as these that the Protective Union exists itself. A "no room to explain here" was founded. Left to themselves, the women imposed upon are often too ignorant to know how to seek the recovery of their machines, or too poor to prosecute. They appeal in vain to consular agents, and to the police, and then subside in the sympathy of their neighbors, unless they find the Union, which is an implacable litigator for them, carrying their cases from court to court, and employing the most capable counsel, if necessary, to secure justice. The mere fact of its existence represses much wrong, and it has contested its cases with such persistence that few defaulting employers are willing to defend and brought by trial; but at the same time it should be said that it does not proceed to law until it is convinced of the validity of its cause, and it does not immediately take for granted all the *ex parte* testimony brought to it.

Once a law is passed, the rooms of the Union in Bleeker Street, and the persons complained of are summoned to meet the plaintiffs. If the former do not appear, and also ignore a second summons, the case is taken into court at once, but usually the employer presents himself to answer the charges made against him, and sometimes he proves that it is he who has been injured—sometimes by no means often.—WILLIAM H. RIDING, in *Harper's Magazine*.

NEWLY-PAINTED ROOMS.—The *British Medical Journal* sounds a warning against living in newly-painted rooms. The danger of inhaling the vapor of turpentine has been long known, and its pernicious influence on the health is beyond all doubt, as has been verified in several cases occurring in persons sleeping in newly-painted rooms, some of which have proved fatal.

Several theories, more or less probable, have been propounded to explain the prejudicial effect of the turpentine vapors; but, whatever be the correct explanation, there is no doubt of the danger of occupying a room recently painted, in which turpentine has been employed, before complete desiccation of the paint has taken place.

It was pointed out by the Council of Hygiene that a sudden death which recently took place in Paris was attributable to this cause, it being shown that it could not be ascribed to the lead which enters into the composition of the paint of the room in which the deceased slept; the lead, being fixed and non-volatile, cannot in these cases be accused of being the offending element.

VEAL HASH.—Take a teaspoon of boiling water in a sauce-pan, stir in an even teaspoon of wet in a tablespoon cold water, and let it boil five minutes; add one-half teaspoon black pepper, as much salt and two tablespoons butter, and let it keep hot, but not boil. Chop the veal fine, and mix with it half as much stale bread crumbs. Put it in a pan and pour the gravy on it, then let it simmer ten minutes. Serve this on buttered toast.

The amount of flour received and manufactured by the dealers and millers of St. Louis, in 1870, was 4,154,757 barrels, of which over 3,000,000 barrels were exported.

P. KRELLBERG,

Dealer in all kinds of

Furniture

AND

Bedding!

A Large Assortment Always on hand,

which will be sold

AT REASONABLE PRICES!

—ALSO—

GENERAL UNDERTAKER!

I keep on hand a lot of Burial Cases and Coffins,

and have a FIRST-CLASS HEARSE, so that I am

prepared to supply

Everything Necessary for Funerals

on Short Notice!

STORE COR. THIRD AND MAIN STS.,

Opp. Peckman's Stables,

WOODLAND.

C. D. MORIN,

At his Old Stand, Opposite the

Bank of Woodland.

Is prepared to do all kinds of

PLUMBING, GAS-FITTING

—AND—

METAL ROOFING

And Manufacturer of

Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron

Wares;

ALSO DEALER IN

STOVES, PUMPS,

IRON

AND GALVANIZED PIPES

OF ALL SIZES.

AGENT FOR THE

CELEBRATED "UNION RANGE!"

—AND THE—

"Medallion Range."

House Furnishing Goods of all kinds in

his line.

GALVANIZED IRON

Water Tanks!

All Sizes, made to order.

AGENCY FOR

Rose's deep well Force Pumps.

TOOLS FOR BORING WELLS

Can be had at my Store. Orders from the Coun-

try Promptly attended to.

SHOP ON MAIN STREET,

(Next to Gray & Wood's Hardware Store),

C. D. MORIN.

WOODLAND.

Spring and Summer

TRADE,

1879, 1880,

MADISON,

YOLO COUNTY.

W. LEVY,

DEALER IN

Dry Goods

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Building and Shelf-Hardware

FRESH FAMILY GROCERIES,

Etc., Etc.

Ten percent will be deducted on all Cash Sales

of over Five Dollars.

CALL AT LEVY'S.

Pay Cash for Grain and Wool.

Watches, Clocks,

JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS,

SCHOOL BOOKS,

Miscellaneous Books, Stationery

AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, ETC.,

Always to be found at

G. W. GREENE'S

Jewelry Store,

Main Street, College Block, Woodland.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in a satis-

factory manner and on short notice. *sdw*

\$300

A MONTH guaranteed. \$15 a day

at home made by the industrious

Capital not required; we will start

you. Men, women, boys and girls

make money faster at work for us

than at anything else. The work is light

and pleasant, and you can go right at

those who are wise who see this notice will send

you at once and see for themselves

The Yolo Democrat

Does the County Official Advertising.

WOODLAND, CAL.
Thursday, July 1st, 1880.



FOR PRESIDENT:
WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK,
OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:
WILLIAM H. ENGLISH,
OF INDIANA.

For Congress—Third District:
C. P. BERRY, OF SUTTER.

THE "DEMOCRAT" FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

The present Presidential campaign will no doubt be one of unusual interest, and we expect to keep this journal in the fore front in all matters of interest to the public, advocating, of course, the election of those pure and patriotic nominees, Hancock and English, for President and Vice-President of the United States, and C. P. Berry for Congress. Judging that Democrats who are not already subscribers will want the paper because it advocates their side, and that Republicans will want it so as to know what the Democrats are doing, we have made up a list of Club rates for this campaign, or four months from the time of commencement, for both Daily and Weekly editions. For all Clubs payment will be required in advance. Below are our Club rates:

DAILY DEMOCRAT.
(For four months, postage prepaid.)
One copy, \$2.00
Five copies, and one to person sending Club, 10.00
Ten copies, and one to person sending Club, 20.00
Twenty copies, and one to person sending Club, 40.00
For larger numbers reduction in proportion.

WEEKLY DEMOCRAT.
(For four months, postage prepaid.)
One copy (fifty-six columns), \$1.00
Five copies, and one to person sending Club, 5.00
Ten copies, and one to person sending Club, 10.00
Twenty copies, and one to person sending Club, 20.00
For larger numbers reduction in proportion.

We hope the County Central Committee and the Precinct Clubs will take hold of the matter and see that the Democrat is thoroughly circulated throughout the county. We promise on our part that it shall be an important factor in the campaign, and shall do our best to make it acceptable to all classes as a lively and interesting Democratic family newspaper.

DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

CINCINNATI, June 24, 1880.—Mr. Watterson, from the Committee on Resolutions, reported the platform as follows:

1. We pledge ourselves anew to the constitutional doctrine and traditions of the Democratic party, as illustrated by the teachings and example of Andrew Jackson, the champion of the statesman and patriot, and embodied in the platform of the last National Convention of the party.
 2. Opposition to centralization, and that dangerous spirit of encroachment which tends to consolidate the power of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever be the form of government, a real despotism; no summary laws; separation of Church and State for the good of the nation; no schools to be fostered and protected.
 3. Home rule; honest money; no coinage of gold, silver, and paper convertible into coin on demand; the strict maintenance of the public faith, State and National, and a tariff for revenue only.
 4. The subordination of the military to the civil power, and a general and thorough reform of the civil service.
 5. Right to a free ballot, as the right preservative of all rights, and must and shall be maintained in every part of the United States.
 6. The existing Administration, representative of conspiracy only, and its claim of the right to surround the ballot-boxes with troops and military force, and to use the same to obstruct elections, and the unprecedented use of the civil power, to corrupt, oppress and despotic power, insults the people and humiliates their institutions.
 7. The great fraud of 1876, by which, upon a false count of the electoral vote of two States, the candidate of the Republican party was declared to be President, and for the first time in American history the will of the people was set aside under a threat of military violence, struck a deadly blow at our system of representative government, and placed the Democratic party in a position of peril, and the people would punish the crime in 1880. This issue precedes and dwarfs every other, and imposes a more sacred duty upon the people of the Union than has ever before been the conscience of a nation of freemen.
 8. We reiterate the course of this Administration in making places for political crime, and demand a reform by statute which shall make it forever impossible for any President or Vice-President to be elected by the seat of a usurper by blighting the country with the sword, and to receive the support of the people, and was received with loud applause.
 9. The resolution of Samuel J. Tilden not again to be a candidate for election to the electoral college, and the fact that he was elected by a majority of his countrymen, and from which he was excluded by the frauds of the Republican party, is received by the Democrats of the United States with satisfaction, and they declare their confidence in his wisdom, patriotism and integrity, unshaken by the assaults of the common enemy, and they further assure him that he is followed into the retirement by the sympathy and respect of his fellow-citizens, who regard him as one who, by elevating the standard of public morality and reforming and purifying the public service, merits the lasting gratitude of his country and his party.
 10. Free ships and a living chance for American commerce on the sea and on the land; no discrimination in favor of transportation lines, corporations or monopolies.
 11. An amendment of the Harbinger treaty, no more Chinese immigration, except for travel, education, and therein carefully guarded.
 12. Public money and public credit for public purposes solely, and public land for actual settlers.
 13. The Democratic party is the friend of labor and the laboring man, and pledges itself to protect him alike against the corner-men and communists.
 14. We congratulate the country upon the honesty and thrift of a Democratic Congress, which has reduced the public debt from \$100,000,000 a year, upon the combination of prosperity at home and the national honor abroad, and above all upon the promise of such a change in the administration of the government as shall secure the most efficient reform in every department of the public service.
 15. The platform was adopted unanimously.
- If there were nothing else against Arthur, the fact that he was a persistent third-termer until Grant was ruled out of the Chicago Convention (although only by a scratch), that alone ought to defeat him; and he will no doubt be a drag to the ticket.
- FOREIGNERS born residents must be naturalized on or before August 3d, in order to vote at the next Presidential election.

ARTHUR'S REMOVAL.

The Republican candidate for Vice-President is an "unclean bird," if the official record means anything, and if the facts President Hayes and Secretary of the Treasury Sherman, who caused his removal, are to be believed. It is well known that he was Collector of the Port of New York, the most important collectorship in the country, in 1878, and that he was removed for cause, as we stated a few days since, but which was denied by the Republican. That paper was then asked to state why Arthur was removed, if not for the cause given in this paper? But it fails to respond to the request, and we will now give, for the benefit of the readers of both journals, the reasons given by Hayes and Sherman themselves for Arthur's removal. In his letter of dismissal to Collector Arthur, January 31st, 1879, Rutherford B. Hayes said:

"With a deep sense of my obligations under the Constitution, I regard it as my plain duty to suspend you in order that the office may be honestly administered. You have made the Custom-house a center of partisan political management."

But this, from Hayes, was not sufficiently explicit for John Sherman, who in an official letter, also dated Jan. 31st, 1879, supplemented that of Hayes with another which was to this effect:

"Gross abuses of administration have continued and increased during your incumbency. Persons have been regularly paid by you who have rendered little or no service; the expenses of your office have increased, while its receipts have diminished. *Bribes, or gratitudes in the shape of bribes, have been received by the Customs officers in several branches of the Customs-house, and you have no doubt contributed to the effect of these abuses.*"

Perhaps the Republican will still deny that Arthur's record as a public official is sullied by a willful connivance at and failure to expose "bribery" on the part of his assistants. He paid out the money of the Government to "persons who rendered little or no service," says Sherman. Thus the record shows that Arthur was a party to the crime, and that he was removed by Hayes and Sherman because he was not fit to hold the office, for the reasons so clearly stated. But for all this, the Republican party ask the people to elect him to the second office in the Republic. That party must think American voters are a set of fools.

WM. H. ENGLISH.

The telegraph at first reported that the Democratic nominee for Vice-President was Governor James E. English of Connecticut. This was a mistake. Wm. H. English, of Indiana, is the gentleman who was nominated. This is just as much better for the Democratic ticket as Indiana is a more important State than Connecticut on account of its greater electoral vote. Both are first-class men, and the latter is just as acceptable as the former. William H. English is a native of Indiana, having been born in Scott county in that State in August, 1822. He received a common school education, and spent three years at the University at South Hanover. He studied law, and was admitted to practice in 1845. In 1843 he was elected Clerk of the House of Representatives of Indiana; during President Polk's administration he held a clerkship in the Treasury Department; was Clerk of the State Constitutional Convention in 1850; in 1851 he was elected to the Indiana Legislature, and afterwards chosen Speaker of that body. In 1852 he was elected a Representative to Congress; re-elected in 1854, and chosen Representative of the Southwestern Indiana district. He was again elected to Congress in 1856, and during the first session of the Thirty-fifth Congress took part in the Kansas compromise. He was also elected Speaker of the Thirty-sixth Congress, and since that time has remained in private life. Mr. English is said to be a man of great popularity in his native State, and his agricultural pursuits, which his large wealth affords him the opportunity of indulging at his home in Scott county. The friends of Mr. English express unshaken confidence in his ability to carry Indiana for the Democratic ticket.

The Republican papers have been trying to get up-up against Garfield at home, but the record is so strong against him "at home" that he does not whip-up worth a cent. About three years ago a Republican Convention in his district whooped him up in the following strain:

Resolved, That we arraign and denounce James A. Garfield for his corrupt connection with the Credit Mobilier, for his false denials thereof before his constituents, for his perjured denial thereof before a committee of his peers in Congress, for fraud upon his constituents in circulating among them a pamphlet purporting to set forth the frauds of said committee, and the evidence against him, when, in fact, material portions thereof were omitted and garbled.

It is not pleasant to present such findings against any man; but when the individual against whom such points are made presents himself, or is presented, as a candidate for high office, it becomes our duty to present "all the facts in the case," lest voters be deceived and "a worse evil come upon them."

For sale—Several waste-paper baskets full of unused editorials on a third term. Call at the Democratic newspaper office.—S. P. Chronicle.

Call also at every other really patriotic newspaper office in the land. It may be patriotic to treat that question lightly, but we do not so regard it. Although we do not think there was any probability that Grant would have been elected if he had been nominated, yet there was a possibility (and his nomination was only escaped by a scratch) and we feel grateful to the better portion of the Republican party for preventing the possibility of so great a calamity. All true Americans feel that that third-termism is dead, never to be resurrected.

Mr. J. M. Downes, of Madison, in this country, who called on Monday to pay his subscription to the Democrat, informs us that he had always been a Republican heretofore, but he was a soldier under Hancock and will vote for him for President, and he knew several other Republicans in his neighborhood who would do the same thing.

If swallowing Hancock and English is "eating crow," then we are agreeably surprised at the dish. It is as sweet a morsel as ever descended our esophagus. Give us all the "crow" of that kind we can swallow, and we will cry, "Ha! ha!" and wax fat on the diet.

EXCLAIMED the New York Truth, a Republican paper, after the Chicago Convention: "James A. Garfield! After six days' labor this is the Presidential mouse the Republican mousetrap brings forth!"

A LOOK INTO THE POLITICAL MOSCOW.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—I have been asked whom I thought President-General Hancock would call around him as Cabinet Ministers, Representatives, etc., when he shall be inaugurated, the 4th of March next?

Well, I can only guess—but if I may be allowed the prerogative of an old Democratic war-horse who cast his first Presidential vote for Andrew Jackson (as I may before have remarked), I prophesy the list will be something like the following:

Secretary of State—Gov. T. A. Hendricks, of Indiana.
Secretary of the Treasury—Gov. S. J. Tilden, of New York.
Secretary of War—Gov. Gen. George B. McClellan, of New Jersey.
Secretary of the Navy—Gov. Gen. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina.
Secretary of the Interior—Senator Thurman, of Ohio.
Attorney General—Chief Justice Wm. T. Wallace, of California.
Post Master General—Speaker Randall, of Pennsylvania.
Minister to England—Gov. Horatio Seymour, of New York.
Minister to France—Senator Gen. Lamar, of Louisiana.
Consul-General to the Caucasus of Egypt—T. Hart Hyatt, of California.
"Et sic de similibus."

Now, Mr. Editor, "how is that for high-modesty?" as Ward Beecher would say. Only stick a pin there, and we shall see what we shall see.

Yours,
T. HART HYATT.

Pres. Hancock and English Club, Winters, Yolo Co., June 28th, 1880.

HOW THE NEWS WAS RECEIVED.

The result of the Cincinnati Convention was well received by Democrats here. Among many expressions of satisfaction over the nominations we heard not one word which would indicate repugnance to the ticket. It is undoubtedly a very strong one, and the unanimity with which the Convention acted indicates that it will receive the support of the party throughout the entire country. The fact is, it is a ticket which cannot be beaten. It is a combination which will sweep the entire South, which will carry New York and Pennsylvania, and, in our judgment, California, and probably Nevada and Oregon. This is the age when men are judged according to their actions in the past, and we challenge investigation into the records of our standard bearers. They are brave and brilliant men. They command the entire confidence of the people of the United States. They are giants in their strength of honesty and integrity. They are men who make Americans proud to be called Americans.

This Republicanism is trying to make their readers believe that Judge Black, a jurist of national character and a Democrat of great prominence, has exonerated Mr. Garfield from the charge of corruption in connection with the Credit Mobilier scandal, when the fact is he does no such thing. Garfield was Black's client, and the letter was written to Speaker Blaine to clear Garfield before the Poland Committee, who, notwithstanding the letter, three days after its receipt, in reporting to Congress censured Garfield and published to the world that he was guilty as charged. The New York Herald (which is anything but a Democratic paper) says "it is amazing that the friends of Mr. Garfield should parade Judge Black's letter as a defense. Instead of a defense, it is a confession." For an attorney to plead the baby act will not avail for a man seeking the high office of President of the United States.

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The New York Sun remarks: "The Credit Mobilier exposure had more to do with the overthrow of the Republican party in 1874 and 1876 than any other one thing. And now, by the nomination of one of the most obnoxious of the Credit Mobilierists, the Chicago Convention deliberately invites the further judgment of the American people upon that most infamous chapter of Congressional corruption."

The Republican papers assure us that although Garfield drew his back salary he afterwards returned it to the Treasury. Whereupon the Chicago Record asks: "Supposing a man should steal your horse, and when he should find that he was to be called to an account, should return your horse to his stable or pasture; is he any the less a thief?"

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "Talking about bars, Garfield used to get away with boat loads of them on the Ohio Canal." Then add to this the Credit-Mobilier bars, and the De Golyer bars, that Garfield has been proven to have "got away" with, and it will weigh him down so that he can't run at all in the Presidential race.

As the official records show, Garfield's majority, the last time he was elected to Congress was greatly reduced, although his is one of the strongest Republican districts in Ohio. The reduced majority was caused by his connection with the Credit Mobilier scandal.

SOME of our Republican friends, referring to their nominee for President, coolly tell you that all they wanted was a man to suit the Republicans. If Garfield, with his dark and corrupt official record, suits them, they are indeed easily suited.

The next clamor by our Republican friends will be for the resignation of Gen. Hancock from his military command. If he follows the example of Grant, however, he will not resign until the day of his inauguration.

GARFIELD was one of the eight-to-seven Congressmen who counted in as President of the United States a man who was not elected. This alone ought to defeat him before the people for the high position.

The New York Star: "Do George Garfield as a 'dark horse' indeed! Why the rotten pavement of the National Capitol, the contract for which he was bribed to advocate, would cry out against him."

Latest Telegraphic News.

Associated Press Special Dispatches.

Hancock Interviewed—Congratulations.

New York, June 24.—The reporter found General Hancock on the veranda of his official residence on Governor's Island, surrounded by military friends. He shook the reporter heartily by the hand, and in response to his congratulations said: "Indeed, I have nothing to say at present, as I have not been officially notified of my nomination." Following is General Joseph E. Johnson's telegram: "The nomination makes me much gladder than you." United States Senator, Wallace, White and Daniel Dougherty also sent congratulations.

A telegram was read from the home of General Grant: "The boyhood home of General Grant is enthusiastic over the nomination of General Hancock." [Cheers.] A telegram was read from Allen G. Thurman, saying: "Hancock will make an splendid nomination and can be elected." Also one from Hendricks, endorsing the nomination.

CINCINNATI, June 24.—John Kelly said it was true that Hancock's nomination would cost the Democrats the vote of New York. Though they had been fighting bitterly for five years, let past differences be now banished. [Cheers.] Never again would he be a Democrat, and he would vote for Hancock. He said that he had been secured he felt it safe to promise that New York would give her electoral vote to the ticket made here. Hancock was not only a great soldier, but a great statesman too—a gentleman against whom nothing can be said. [Cheers.] In conclusion, he said to the New York delegation sitting in the Convention, "Let us return to our homes, organize our party, and let him who shall first refer to the troublesome and discordant past be denounced as a traitor." [Great applause.] For himself he promised to do all in his humble power for the success of the Democratic ticket. Turning to the New York delegates, he said: "Let us once for all take each other by the hand. We have a great duty to perform together. Let us do it with one heart and voice." [Applause.]

Colonia County Tragedy.

MAXWELL, June 25.—About four o'clock yesterday afternoon, as T. Deering's men were heading on Daniel O'Keefe's ranch, a man named Mike Welch, aged about fifty years, became enraged at Henry Bismarck, aged about twenty-five, because of his not pitching back to suit him, and hit Bismarck over the head with a pitchfork. Bismarck tried to get hold of Welch and save himself from a beating, when Welch drew a large pocket knife and stabbed Bismarck, threw him down and cut his throat. At this juncture other parties came up and attempted to take him off, when he attempted to kill Mr. Deering, and succeeded in escaping. Bismarck died within half an hour. Others have gone to arrest Welch.

Sacramento Highwayman.

SACRAMENTO, June 25.—At a late hour last night, a man named Samuel Hoyt who has been some time in the employ of Cox & Clark as a ship-repairer, was knocked down and robbed on L street, between L and Third, by two men named Tom Rooney and Charles Wilson. The thieves secured about \$45 in coin, a watch and a pair of gold sleeve buttons, and were subsequently arrested.

The Lost Attainder.

CHARLESTON, S. C., June 25.—A letter picked up about a mile off the harbor, to-day, contained a list of a pocket memorandum, and in it was written, apparently in great haste, and following: "April 17, 1880. The fishing ship Atlanta. We are sinking in longitude 27 deg., latitude 37 deg. Any person finding this will please advertise in the daily papers." [Cheers.]

Talmage's Coming.

CHICAGO, June 26.—Rev. Dr. Wm. Talmage, the famous Brooklyn preacher, has accepted an offer made him by Mr. J. M. Hill, a prominent banker here, to visit California next month and deliver a series of lectures. He will start out early in July, visiting all the principal cities between New York and San Francisco.

Lively Day at the Sand Lot.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 27.—There were four meetings at the sand lot to-day—the Democratic and Greenback wings of the Workingmen's party, and the Republican and Greenback offshoot of the same party, and a praying and singing band. The latter two seemed peaceable enough, but the Democrats and Greenbacks came out having a collision, which was only prevented by the presence of the police.

Remarkable Swimming.

NEW YORK, June 27.—George Fearn, the English long-distance swimmer, who swam second best to Captain Webb in the great six days' swim in the English Channel, swam to-day from the foot of Thirty-third street, East river, through Hell Gate and Flushing, making the distance, estimated at fifteen miles, in 3 hours, 27 minutes and 46 seconds. He swam right through the fierce current at Hell Gate. Fearn is 22 years of age, and weighs 175 pounds.

Three Boys Drowned.

BALTIMORE, June 27.—The yawl boat of the coast survey steamer Bache, with a fisherman, James C. Patton, and a fisherman, William M. Greenwald, was struck and tipped overboard yesterday afternoon in lower harbor by a tow barge, and the sons of Patton and Greenwald were drowned.

Accumulating Funds.

CHICAGO, June 27.—The Times' Washington special says: The appeal for funds being sent out to-day by Edward McPherson for the Republican Congressional Committee, is authorized to state that such voluntary contributions from persons employed in the service of the United States will not be objected to in any official quarter.

Steamer Burned—Forty Lives Lost.

COLLEGE POINT (L. I.), June 27.—The steamer Savannah was burned to the water's edge off College Point at 5 p. m. The Osseo saved a majority of the passengers, but about forty were lost. The Savannah is quite a large steamer, and leaves New York daily at 4 p. m. for Roslyn L. I., and intermediate points. She usually carried a large number of passengers.

A Broken Reservoir.

RENO, June 28.—Price's reservoir, in Ophir canyon, near Franktown, gave way last night at 8 o'clock, and the water carried everything before it. Three miles of fence and one house was destroyed, the occupants barely escaping with their lives. The railroad bridge is gone, the tailings at the old Ophir mill were swept out, and the mill has been working in it. No lives lost.

Frogs in England.

LONDON, June 28.—The Mark Lane Express says: Despite somewhat too much rain, crops have made somewhat satisfactory progress, and anticipations of good crops are becoming more confident. The supplies of home-grown wheat, both at Mark Lane and in the country, are insignificant. Sales were only practicable at a shilling decline. Growing yields with reluctance, but the abundance and relative cheapness of fine white foreign wheat rendered millers somewhat more confident. The weather is now of paramount importance.

By Universal Accord.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, and their extensive use, by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative Pills that medical science can devise. Being purely vegetable in nature, and free from any of the injurious and cumulative powers of other Pills, can be compared with them, and every person, knowing their virtues, will employ them, when needed. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mucus, searching and effectual they are especially adapted to the needs of the digestive apparatus, derangements of which they prevent and cure, if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weakened constitutions, where a mild but effectual cathartic is required. For sale by all dealers.

Murrah for Hancock & Garfield!

We are up and coming! The best assortment of Tobacco and Cigars ever brought to Woodland is now on the way, invoiced to J. E. Eaton, and will be cheaper than was ever sold in Woodland. Will be opened on Thursday, July 1st. Also the finest stock of Glassware and Dishware ever exhibited in Yolo County. AT J. E. EATON'S grocery store, opposite Masonic Hall, Woodland.

Deary of the Teeth

Arises from various causes, but principally it may be attributed to early neglect or the indiscriminate use of tooth powders and pastes, which give a momentary whiteness to the teeth while they corrode the enamel. The timely use of that delicate aromatic tooth-wash, FRAGRANT SOZODONT, will speedily arrest the progress of decay, harden the gums, and impart a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes those ravages which people sustain in their teeth from the use of sweet and acid articles.

Do You Believe It?

That in this town there are scores of persons passing your store every day whose lives are made miserable by Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour and Distressed Stomach, Liver Complaint, Consumption, when for 75c. we will sell them SUTON'S VITAE, guaranteed to cure them? Sold by J. B. ELSTON, Druggist.

A Card.

To all who are sick from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc. I will send a recipe that will cure you, PLEASANTLY. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. J. B. ELSTON, Druggist, Woodland, Cal.

HANCOCK & ENGLISH!

A GRAND RATIFICATION MEETING

In Honor of the Nominations of HANCOCK AND ENGLISH

President and Vice-President of the United States.

Will be held in

WOODLAND, THURSDAY EVENING,

JULY 1, 1880.

HON. W. B. C. BROWN,

HON. D. S. TERRY

And other Distinguished Speakers will address the meeting.

THE ELLIS BRASS BAND

Will be in attendance, and ample arrangements will be made for the accommodation of all who may come.

Comfortable Seats will be provided for all. Let there be a grand turnout at the Ratification Meeting on Thursday night.

STEVE J. SILL,

General News Agency,

AT THE POSTOFFICE.

Also Stationery, Tobacco, Pipes, Cigars, Cigarettes, Etc., Etc.

Papers delivered promptly at usual prices.

LOOK OUT, THERE!

DE J. MONIER would respectfully inform the owners of STOCK that he intends visiting the several counties of Northern California, and will be prepared to administer relief to all who are afflicted with the same.

HORSES, CATTLE, ETC.,

BY MEANS OF

HIS CELEBRATED MEDICINES,

Which have proved so universally successful wherever used.

CANTRELL & EVERTS

Having opened rooms for DRESS-MAKING, we would respectfully inform the ladies of Woodland and vicinity that we are prepared to do all kinds of Dressmaking.

All kinds of Dressmaking.

And Plain Sewing!

In the best possible style, and guarantee satisfaction in every case. We will always have the LATEST FASHIONS and turn out as good work as can be done anywhere. We will also teach the "Star System" of Dress Cutting, which is superior to any other. Send us a share of your patronage, we remain, yours respectfully,

MRS. ANNA CANTRELL,

MISS ANNA EVERTS.

Rooms—Bank Building, Main street, Woodland, Cal.

H. KUHN & BRO.,

Opp. Fowler's Store, Main Street, Woodland.

MANUFACTURERS OF TINWARE.

Dealers in Stoves, Ranges, Pumps, Water and Gas Pipes, Roofing, Plumbing and General Jobbing. Also Tinware, Cans, made to order. Agents for the Medi-Cal, the best in the market. FRUIT CANS, all sizes. Orders from the country promptly attended to.

1880

HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Serves an injunction on Disease.

By invigorating a feeble constitution, renovating a debilitated physique, and enriching the blood and invigorating circulation with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest, the most highly medicinal and the most popular tonic and preventive in existence.

For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

1880

Fourth of July

CELEBRATION!



Saturday, July 3, 1880.

GRAND OBSERVANCE

—AT—

WOODLAND!

—ON—

PRESIDENT OF THE DAY:

N. WYCKOFF.

—AT—

VICE-PRESIDENTS—M. O. Harling, Winters;

E. E. Perkins, Capay; S. W. Hilliker, Madison; R. F. Ferrill, Leavittville; R. M. Hoad, Blacks Station; J. N. Hoag, Washington, G. H. Lewis, Dunnigan; J. A. Black, Knights Landing; Chas. Greene, Plainfield; H. M. Hoyt, Woodland.

With many other Celebrated Artists and a large orchestra under the direction of Signor Leopold Wradzinski.

New and Elegant Scenery and Appointments by Messrs. Beerscat & Salvatore.

At the conclusion of the Programme there will be a

SOCIAL DANCE

Under the auspices of

THE ELLIS STRING BAND!

The Ladies of the Library Association will furnish Ice Cream and Refreshments.

Admission, Twenty-five Cents: No Extra Charge for Reserve Seats.

NO CONNECTION WITH THE SKIDMORES.

HORRIBLE

SKIDMORE

MINSTRELS!

The Yolo Democrat.

WOODLAND, YOLO CO., CAL.
THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1880.

Bereaved.

He is false to thee—his love is false to thee!
But pride will teach thee to forget;
Oh, let thy heart beat warm for me,
I love thee yet—I love thee yet!
Clara, thou must still
Each burning thrill
And try to drown each fond regret.
Although thy soul
Forbids consent,
Remember, dear, we love thee yet.
Still 'midst the gay and soon and heard,
Thy mother would joy to hear thee sing;
And bear not, like the wounded bird,
A shaft beneath the wing.
Nor in thy tower,
Mourn'st thou ever for me,
Nor let me tell
How much too well
Thou lovest him yet—thou lovest him yet!
—Waverley Magazine.

Cantatrice—A Story of Louisiana.

It was Sunday morning in New Orleans. A stranger, named Peter Ellis, wandered forth from the St. Charles to witness the approaches of the inundation, which then formed the staple of discussion among all classes. Peter Ellis was about forty years of age, of a noble figure, round, gloomy face, and with a forehead seamed with many and deep wrinkles. His dress was rich, after the fashion of the Southern aristocracy, but worn negligently, and somewhat soiled with the stains of recent travel; for he had arrived only the previous evening.

The stranger passed groups of people gathered on every corner, all engaged in earnest conversation; and still here in the streets, as back yonder at the tavern, the *crevasse*, the *crevasse*, spoken in English, French, Spanish, Italian, and *patois*, was the topic that seemed to monopolize every thought. He had almost reached the old Basin, where the water was said to be rising with fearful rapidity, when his ears were assailed by an indescribable noise which issued from a point a few squares to the left.

"What infernal din is that?" asked Peter Ellis, interrogating a little Frenchman, who chanced to be gliding by.

"Monsieur is a stranger in the city?" said the Frenchman, bowing to the very knees.

"Yes."

"Has heard of the Sunday dance on Congo Green?"

"Yes."

"Never had the pleasure of seeing it?"

"No."

"Then Monsieur will be delighted, charmed, enchanted with the spectacle," exclaimed the voluble son of Paris, enthusiastically, with another deep bow, "but I beg Monsieur's pardon for the remark—he will be careful to respect the Africans. The Green belongs to them—their theater, I might say, and the amusement is under the strict surveillance of the police."

"Does anybody else go there besides negroes?" inquired Ellis, abstractedly.

"Oh! yes; everybody attends sometimes or other, and the ladies who have had the serious misfortune to lose their character go always."

The wrinkles on the brow of Peter Ellis grew as black as the gloom of a thunder cloud.

The last answer of the Frenchman appeared to call up the ghost of some horrid memory, and, with a scowl, he hurried on, and entered Congo Green. There was a large level square, including more than a dozen acres, situated not far from the Basin, and set apart by an ordinance of the city for the Sunday amusements of the Africans exclusively. It was enclosed in strong iron railings, with gates of the same metal on each of the four sides, and was adorned with many beautiful trees, scattered here and there at irregular intervals, which gave it the appearance of a forest rather than a park.

Although he was scarcely nine when Ellis reached the Green, he was a well-supplied with dancers. The scene was such as to defy all attempts at delineation by pen or pencil. A huge negro, taller, blacker, and uglier than any other in the carnival, had been chosen general director for the day. He was called indifferently "King of Congo," or "King of the Wake," and bore on his head, as a crown, a great pyramid of painted paper boxes fastened together, which had the effect of greatly enlarging his natural height. This monarch and all his subjects were tricked out in a manner so grotesque that it was impossible to behold them without laughing. Here was one furnished with hoofs. There were others with enormous horns. A third clapped his wings, crouching like a chameleon. A fourth strutted majestically, spreading behind him the plumes of the peacock, while the fifth displayed the tail of a monkey. Their sable features were decked with all the colors of the rainbow; and their necks, waists, arms, and ankles literally bristled with innumerable little bells that jingled and chimed as they moved.

The dancers imitated the cries of every animal. They cawed, barked, bellowed, neighed, bleated, squealed, hooted and howled, while still ever, without ceasing, the little bells jingled and chimed; and they had all sorts of musical and un-musical instruments. The fiddle uttered its silvery laugh; the drum thundered; the trumpet roared; the bugle flung its winding notes to the sky; and still the little bells jingled and chimed. They increased the clamor by thumping pans, shells, tubs and empty barrels. They shuffled, waltzed; yet, over all the new evolutions, the genuine original Congo dance maintained its undisputed pre-eminence.

It was the *sacramental* of animal passion—the jubilee of joyous instinct. Every eye gleamed; every countenance was radiant. The burning, heaving mass of vitality worked up to a height of feeling, intense as the motion of madness. Even many of the spectators caught the contagious fury and joined in the savage glees; but there was one beholder that gazed on the scene with a grim look of scorn.

"I must have been distracted to think of finding her in such a place as this—of finding her at all!" murmured Ellis to himself, as he threatened his way through the press, uttering malicious threats against Congo Green.

At length he gained the iron gate towards the north, and was in the act of going out, when a vision of dazzling beauty arrested his attention, and chained his feet to the sod. This was a young girl, habited in white, with a crimson zone around her bosom, secured by a massive clasp of gold that lay opposite her heart like a star. Her head was only covered with its own veil of ringlets, softer than silk and black as midnight. Her complexion was dark, but it was the beautiful golden tint left there by the wind and sunbeam—this kissing her with fire, and that cooling the fire-kisses with sighs.

Peter Ellis was so fascinated by the sight that he did not at first notice her. At last, however, he was forced to perceive that she had a companion, and such a companion as filled him—not with jealousy—but with fear!

This was an old man, hideously hunchedback, with snow-white hair, piercing gray eyes, and a dirty, shriveled face that wore the double expression of theft and murder. He was muttering angry words in a low voice, while the girl's dark eyes were swimming in tears.

"Oh! spare me that shame!" Ellis heard her entreat; "for heaven's sake spare me! I cannot go there."

"Do as I bid you," replied the old hunchback. "Go, or to-night—"

"I will go," answered the girl, turning deadly pale. She opened the gate, and hurried on towards the center of the sable crowd—the old monster following at a distance.

With a dandish smile, while Peter Ellis, in spite of his pride, felt himself borne by an irresistible impulse in the same direction.

Presently the fascinated man heard above all the tempest of tuneful, the voice of a singer. It was loud, sweet, ringing, and wondrously varied.

The effect on the mad dancers was like magic. Horn, drum, bugle, violin, ceased silent. The vast throng swayed to and fro, as a sea tossed by the storm, and then gathered in a great circle, shouting "La Cantatrice! The singer! The beautiful Cantatrice!"

"It seems she is well known among the Africans of New Orleans," thought Peter Ellis, with a shudder; still, he could not forbear pressing forward till he gained a point in the circle of black faces whence he could again see the dazzling beauty.

She sang, with the accompaniment of appropriate gestures, a merry, bacchanal song, and the listeners cheered with shouts of laughter. At a signal from the old hunchback she took up a martial strain and every bosom heaved like a volcano and every eye gleamed with the red light of battle.

She sang, with a great cry, a great shout, a mournful dirge—a wail of love and death; and a thousand ebony cheeks were wet with tears. She could not have selected a more impressive audience, for the southern negroes have an insatiable passion for music.

At last she paused and glanced back absently at the old hunchback, who frowned, and waved a fierce, imperious gesture. She then drew from her bosom a large open mouthed purse, and passing around the dusky circle, held it up for all to gaze upon. In a trice she showered down with extreme liberality. When she came to Ellis, she glanced up in his face with her wild black eyes, wondering at the presence of one so elegantly attired in such company.

She started with surprise and glanced back absently at the old hunchback, who frowned, and waved a fierce, imperious gesture. She then drew from her bosom a large open mouthed purse, and passing around the dusky circle, held it up for all to gaze upon. In a trice she showered down with extreme liberality. When she came to Ellis, she glanced up in his face with her wild black eyes, wondering at the presence of one so elegantly attired in such company.

"No-keep it," he answered, and she felt a cold drop in her open palm. She blushed red as scarlet—for the last drop was a hot tear.

The girl returned to her station in the human ring, and again glancing an imploring look at the old hunchback. He bowed as before and waved another angry gesture. She then took from the folds of her dress two small gilt oysters, poised them an instant above her head, and, whirling them around gracefully, bestowed them in a dance, but at that moment a dull booming noise was heard—the rush of a torrent of water; and screams of terror arose—

"The crevasse! The crevasse! The levee of the basin is broken! We shall be drowned!" King Congo tore off his crown, the king and subjects alike attempted a grand charge towards the gates. The flood came rearing after them, and in three or four minutes overpread the green, but as yet to no considerable depth.

There were only two persons in the crowd who did not fly—Peter Ellis and the poor singer. The former approached the girl with a feeling of strange interest, took her hand, and led her to the gate.

"Why do you not run, my pretty one?" he asked. "Are you not afraid you will be drowned?"

"Oh, God, I wish that I were!" she rejoined, with a look of hopeless sorrow.

"Then you do not like your present profession?" Ellis inquired. "Why, then, do you not leave it?"

"Monsieur, I have no other," she answered in a voice indescribably mournful.

"Has no one ever proffered assistance to enable you to rise above your degraded condition?"

"Many, very many," she replied sadly.

"Why did you not accept their benevolent aid?"

"Because, Monsieur," faltered the girl, blushing deeply, and letting her eyes fall to the ground, "I would rather suffer the cruel hatred than endure their wicked love."

"His hatred? The hunchback, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Is he your father?"

"No, Monsieur; he brought me up since I was a little child, but he is not my father."

"Where is he now?"

"Gone to his pawnbroker's shop beyond the basin. He fears it is overflowed."

"Have you no mother?"

"None in this world!" The dark-eyed girl glanced through her tears towards heaven.

"Do you remember your parents?"

"I remember my mother. I have at least a faint image of her. She had black eyes, such as mine, and a smile like an angel."

"What did your mother call you?"

"Mary," Peter Ellis started as if he had been shot, but calmed himself, and continued:

"Have you any recollection of your father?"

"No, Monsieur; but I have a memory of my home as they brought me to the city."

"Can you describe it?"

"Oh! yes," she answered, clasping her small hands tightly across her forehead, as if to press the feeble images from their old niches in the brain. Then she added: "The pictures are very beautiful—I see, in the sunny air, the tall white house, with the stone chimney at each end, the green trees in the yard, with the big red-painted gate before them, the blue lake beyond the gate; I can never forget that, for I slipped into it once, and was drawn out, half dead, by an old one-eyed negro."

The face of Peter Ellis was pallid as that of a corpse as he put the last question.

"Have you any relic—a handkerchief—a bit of clothing—anything—left by your mother?"

"I have her miniature, Monsieur."

"Where? Where?"

"Here, close beside my heart."

"Let me see it!" cried Peter Ellis, leaping forward wildly, and grasping the girl by the arm.

She raised the miniature by its slight silver chain and held it up before his gleaming eyes.

"It is she!—it is she!" he shouted, and then caught the young girl by the bosom, murmuring, "Mary—oh! Mary my daughter!"

When the first outburst of excitement was over, the glimmering doubt, the explanation—the question solved by the earnest and the gush of feeling that sweetened and illuminated everything; when a sacred calm followed, deep as the sea, stable as the earth, and bright as the sun; when the arms of the two were entwined more gently, as if not longer afraid of losing each other, then the girl said, in a seraphic whisper—"Thank God! I have now two fathers—one here and another yonder!" and she pointed her finger to the sky. And twice happy are all the poor girls of the great city who can say as much. But, alas! for the many orphans without fathers, and of a darker woe for the wretches that show them no pity!

A Barful of Bats.

"Pelican Islands," and resorts of sea-birds undisturbed for ages are far less remarkable than similar haunts in a settled country, where men build and inhabit, and the great city of New York is no exception. The *New York Times* gives an account of the discovery of one of these. It says one of the most wonderful cases of a large bat-roost came to light in a town of New Jersey, where a house and lot were deserted by tenants, who were unable to stand the encroachments of these midnight marauders.

As soon as the sun went down the house seemed to be surrounded by them, and was a wild scene of confusion; the very air seemed alive with them.

The place was called the "Bat-ery," and they were left in undisputed possession of the place until within a few months, when a gentleman taking possession, determined to unearth the mystery. He soon traced the bats to an unused barn, and a thorough investigation brought to light a most wonderful sight.

The garret of the barn had never been used, so was boarded up, leaving only a few small holes of access, and through these the bats had passed, and for fifty years or more had lived there in multitudes. The room was one living mass of them, piled upon each other, and hanging in every possible position. When the roof was broken in they rose, thousands upon thousands, in a cloud. The floor was covered to a depth of four feet with guano, mingled with myriads of bones of those that had died. It was a combined birth and burial-place for all Jersey bat-dom.

A Remedy for Scarlet Fever.

Dr. E. Woodruff, for nineteen years a practicing physician at Grand Rapids, Michigan, furnishes the *Springfield, Ill.* *Journal*, the following: "Wash the child from head to foot with strong salt soda water, warm, then wipe dry. Then immediately bathe freely with oil from beef marrow or oil from butter, applied freely. Then give freely catnip tea, or some good sweating article, pennyroyal, etc. Repeat every half hour, or as often as they get worrisome or wakeful, and in one or two days they will be entirely cured. I have been called to cases where they have been fully broken out, and have entirely recovered in twenty-four hours. I have had thirty cases on hand at a time, and never lost a case in my life. But now I am old and about to give up my business, and seeing from the papers that you are looking for the epidemic I wish to do all the good I can. It is so simple. You do not need to call a doctor. A good nurse can attend to them. If by opening the pores of the skin and washing the child with salt soda water, which is an antiseptic, or animal in the blood, the cure is complete. The same is equally good in fevers of all kinds, hard colds and coughs. I take the ground that all diseases are caused by a stoppage of the pores of the skin, retaining the poison, or living animals, in the blood, and all you have to do to first is to open the doors of the system and let them out, or drive them out. All people know a warm bath is good. But you apply the oil to the skin, and it keeps the pores open for a long time and gives the enemy a chance to get out. I hope all will try it, and they will soon be convinced."

Courage.

A correspondent of the *Detroit Free Press*, writing from Paris, tells the following anecdote of Gambetta, the President of the French Chamber of Deputies:

Once a lawyer, and settled in a comfortable position, he launched forth into public life, in the era of Napoleon. Bonaparte III. had affected the *coup d'etat*, and was then Emperor of the French. His regime was now established at the Tuilleries.

But it was a regime which Gambetta intensely hated. His republican spirit showed itself early in his political speeches, and in the law courts where he delivered himself fearlessly of tirades against the reigning power of the time.

He was a frequent visitor at the Chamber of the *Corps Legislatif* in those days, and took a lively interest in the proceedings.

On one occasion, he was in the gallery when a member of the Government was highly eulogizing imperialism, and dwelling on its blessings.

"Imperialism," said the Government orator, "has been the pride, the glory, and the happiness of France."

"It is a lie—a lie!" shouted a voice from the gallery.

"Who is the interrupter of our proceedings?" asked the chairman, looking up toward the visitors.

"My name is Leon Gambetta," said the lawyer, a look of stern defiance on his countenance.

This circumstance raised Gambetta high in the esteem of the *ouverts*.

Cloride of lime—scattered about where rats and mice frequent will cause them to desert the spot.

Faithfulness and sincerity are the highest things.—*Confucius*.

Important Decision.

Hitherto the lottery business has seemed to thrive best when most strenuously attacked. The very recent violent and vigorous attempt to exclude the lottery from the list of State monopolies, did nothing more than attract attention to the fact that the statute which excluded postal matter relating to illegal lotteries, an epithet which could not be applied to corporations euphemistically known as the Mississippi Agricultural, Educational and Manufacturing Aid Society. This lottery was chartered by Mississippi in 1867. In 1870, an act was passed to give effect to that section of the State Constitution which prohibited the authorization of lotteries by the State, and the further sale of tickets by lotteries already authorized. Thereupon the Attorney-General of the State, in a regular case, sued the company's business, and the case was brought before the Supreme Court on appeal.

The argument of the lottery company's counsel was that the act of 1870 was unconstitutional, in that it impaired the validity of the contract entered into by the State when it granted the Mississippi Agricultural, etc., charter. Chief Justice Waite admitted that the charter was a contract of a certain kind, but held that it was not a contract as it was protected by the Federal Constitution. The contracts so protected relate to property rights, not to government rights, and lotteries belong to the latter class. The Legislature which granted the charter had no right to barter away the State's police power to regulate all matters relating to public health and morals, and lotteries are a peculiarly fit subject for the exercise of such power.

Consequently, the right to regulate or stop them is governmental, and to be exercised at all times by those in power at their discretion. Any one, therefore, who accepts a lottery charter does so with the implied understanding that the State will control and regulate it, and through their properly constituted authorities, may take it back at any time when the public good shall require, and this whether it be paid for or not. It gets, in legal effect, nothing more than a license to do wrong, and the terms named for the specified time, unless sooner abrogated by the sovereign power of the State. It is a permit given as against existing laws, but subject to future legislation or constitutional control or withdrawal. There is as little doubt that this decision is good sense as that it is law. Its principle is a long step toward ending the obnoxious and technical distinction between "legal" and "illegal" lotteries, and this kind has been successfully resuscitating the credulous and ignorant poor from fraud in spite of themselves. The amazing and, in one sense, amusing impudence with which lottery dealers ply their trade, and certain newspaper editors or writers, who are in the United States is forced to carry their mail matter, is nothing less than a public scandal, and calls for the condemnation of all reputable people, as well as repression by the strong arm of the law.—*N. Y. Times*.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

Every thing we find out we have to hunt for, except our iniquity; that seems to find us.

Criticism is a noble art, but there is none that has such a piqued and waspish set or artists engaged in it.

I live a good habit, but I insist upon his giving me good reasons for it.

The old man lives his daughter, the old woman her son the best.

Men or real geniuses never overwork, nor can they wear out their brains; their physical strength may succumb, but their brain never.

Democracy is a kind of artful fish bait that demagogues use to catch gudgeons with.

A man can live on the bare necessities of life; so can a mud turtle.

If a man gets bit twice by the same dog, he is a heap more to blame than the dog is.

The top round of the ladder is a hard one to stick to, and an ugly one to fall from; I would recommend one about the middle.

It is in a hard for a man to change his habits as to change his nature.

Beware of the leaky man, for when he has got secrets to tell, he will tell lies.

They say "it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous," and suppose this is the reason why it is so often taken.

I am at work now trying to prove what makes an apple sweet and one sour, and just as soon as I get thru with this, I am going to try to prove that the flood did take place.

The real value of a thing consists, not in what it will bring, but in what we ought to pay for it.

To marry above or below one's level, is a risky thing.

Good nonsense is the hardest kind of logic to beat.

There are two kind of principal fools in this world, those who have changed their opinions and those who won't.

I like to see good order in the household, but I have seen housekeepers so fastidious that they would keep a house dirtier than the year round cleaning it.

Canning is a very cheap edisium of wisdom, it develops among the animals, and I have even seen idiots who had it.

A young sloven ends by being a filthy man.

However miserably a woman may be, she seldom shows it in her bonnet.

It all seems to be the devil to know on which side to attack a busy man.

We see in others the virtues and vices that we have not ourselves, but we see the vices the plainest.

There are but few things judged by their merits, but rather by the way that they affect our opinions or interests.

The men who have the strongest intellect have the weakest memories, they trust more to invention than memory.

Where there is a man who knows how to do a thing, and does it, there are three who are satisfied by telling how it ought to be done.

The top round of the ladder is a ticklish spot, yet are liable to fall every time, and can't pick out the spot yet are a going to strike.

Many a man who has made a fast rate koustable has split his milk by being made a deputy sheriff.

The man who has no love of applause is either an angel or an idiot, probably the latter.

The ingratitude of mankind is just as the ingratitude of a dog, from hand to mouth.

A man better have no creed at all than to have one that he is always anxious to fight for.

Jealousy sleeps with one eye open and the other eye shut.

Hope is the half-way house between fear and fruition.

It is difficult to define our happiness without making it look unenjoyable.

The man who is original in manner, is generally more or less so in thought.

The Poet of the Future.

The Rev. Rowland Hill was at a certain period the most popular clergyman in London. His aristocratic connections, he being the son of a wealthy baronet, gave him considerable influence at court. But he had to pay the penalty of his position, as the following anecdote shows.

One morning, the footman ushered in a most romantic-looking lady. She advanced with measured steps, and with an air that caused Mr. Hill to retreat towards the fire-place, she began:

"Divine shepherd—"

"Pon my word, ma'am!"

"I hear you have great influence with the royal family."

"Well, ma'am, and did you hear anything else?"

The Star of Distances.

The method of finding the distances of the stars, or stellar parallax, is one of the interesting problems of modern astronomy. In the days of old the stars were supposed to hold the same position in regard to each other from age to age, and were therefore called fixed stars, to distinguish them from planets. Nothing can be farther from the truth. The telescope shows that the stars are in constant motion, but that the rate of motion is so slow that thousands of years must elapse before the eye can perceive the change. Some stars are coming toward us, and some are receding from us. The sun, which is only a star, is moving with all the planets in his train. Our earth, which is but an atom among atoms, is whirling on one knows whither, through limitless space. Even the serene heaven above us is the same space pervaded by an infinitely subtle ether, whose particles are seething and surging like the waves of the stormy sea. The motion of stars, once established, must follow that some of them are nearer to us than others, and very persistent and painstaking have been the efforts to find out which of the shining suns of space are our nearest neighbors.

Success has, however, crowned patient labor. Among the fifty million stars that glimmer in the firmament, there are about a dozen stars visible in our latitude that have a parallax ranging from a tenth to a half second. It is not a large number, but the nearest bright stars are the nearest, but this is far from being the case. The nearest star in the northern heavens is a double star of the fifth magnitude in the Swan, known as *Si Cygni*. The brilliant Sirius is nearly twice as far away. The nearest star in the whole heavens is Alpha Centauri, a bright star near the south pole. This has a parallax of nine-tenths of a second, and is twice as near as any other star. Its distance is computed as more than two hundred thousand times our distance from the sun, or twenty millions of miles. If such be the inconceivable distance separating us from the nearest star, what idea can the finite mind form of the immensity of space intervening between us and the more remote.

Vigorous work is now being done in stellar parallax by what is called Bessel's method. A star with proper motion, or one that has been found to approach or recede from the sun is selected, and its position is compared night after night by means of the micrometer, with other small stars in the vicinity having no proper motion, and therefore presumed to be farther away. The star with proper motion will change its position in regard to the more remote one which it observed from different parts of the earth's orbit. Some interesting and intricate work of this kind has been successfully completed at Mr. Seagrave's private observatory by Mr. Waldo and Mr. Seagrave.

The problem was to determine the parallax of a star called Theta Cassiopea. This, by measuring its distance and distance from the two small stars in the vicinity, was found to be one-tenth of a second. These enthusiastic astronomers worked upon the problem from the first of September, 1878, to the last of November, 1879. During that time they made measurements of each star on one hundred and twenty nights. A trained eye, keen perception and mathematical precision, as well as patience and persistence, were involved in the solution of this delicate and intricate problem. These are the means by which astronomy has won its most brilliant triumphs, and those who would become practical astronomers must give their rights to observation and their days to study.—*Presidence (R. L.) Journal*.

99 or 999 Years.

The reason for the use of the odd term in leases, 999 years or 99 years, is given in the *New York Journal of Commerce*. Leases and mortgages in possession of real estate for 100 or 1,000 years demised the same at an annual rent, and, during a revolution for the last year of the original term.

The object of this was an unwillingness on the part of the under tenant to become bound to the performance of the covenants contained in the original grant; and, the incentive to the landlord of a reversionary interest, without which, under the old English practice, he could not recover his rent by distress.

Sometimes this reversion was only for three days or even for one day, but usually in long terms the last year was retained. Out of this came the popular notion that the law provided this restraint, and hence leases were made for 99 or 999 years, when there was no reason whatever for any such odd period of time.

In England there was, in special cases, a restraint on corporations or ecclesiastical persons, prohibiting the devising of land belonging to the inheritance of their successors, for a term beyond 100 years, and such leases were made for 99 years. There is no such restriction in this State.

THE PARIS POLICE.—The Prefect of Paris commands an army of nearly 50,000 men and disposes of an annual budget of 20,000 francs. He is assisted by the Chief of the Municipal Police and a force of nearly 8,000, including 38 police officers, 25 inspectors, 100 brigadiers, 700 sub-brigadiers and 7,000 policemen, and to them must be added an unknown number of detectives. The budget of the Municipal Police amounts to 14,000,000 francs; that of the Central Administration to 1,500,000, and that of the Paris Commissariat to 1,300,000 francs.

ANT.—An ant, three-eighths of an inch long, carrying a burden of one-sixth of a grain, moves at the rate of one mile in eleven hours. The weight (a small one, compared with that they can carry) is eighteen times their own.

They compare with a man, five and a half feet high, weighing one hundred and forty pounds, carrying a weight of two thousand five hundred pounds at the rate of one hundred and seventy-six miles in eleven hours.

A Frenchman has discovered that the skulls of men are, on the average, 172 grammes heavier than those of women. This will explain why the average man will term a woman to stand in a street car, and why, also, so many of them marry and compel their wives to support them.—*Detroit Press*.

PINEAPPLE ICE.—Grate the pineapple. Allow one pound of sugar to two of the fruit. Add one pint of water and freeze.

Personal.

Garfield and Arthur are Masons. Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson is 77. Queen Victoria is a clever elcher and pianist.

The Yolo Democrat
Thursday, July 1st, 1880.

What They Think.
We took a turn around town on Friday morning to ascertain the general feeling regarding the nominations of the Cincinnati Convention. The following is the result as far as we made the canvass:
D. C. Hubbard thinks the ticket is a strong one and can be elected. His preference was for Tilden, but will go for Hancock red-eyed.
Tom Prior—Hancock will carry New York and Pennsylvania, and is certain to be elected. Bullly nomination.
L. Charnock—I will tell you, I don't like Hancock, but will have to swallow the ticket.
A. G. Rand—I don't like it at all.
Thed. Spaulding—Think it is a big thing. Am well satisfied. Will put in my first vote for Hancock and English.
M. Lasky—It's all right. It suits me to a T. If the Convention by unanimous vote selected General Hancock, I think all Democrats ought to be satisfied, and to the action of the delegates assembled at Cincinnati I say amen.
G. W. Green—Seymour was my choice, but shall support Hancock. Consider him a much better man than Garfield.
Major F. S. Freeman—Wall, two good Republicans are in the field, but I think Garfield the better man, and believe he will be elected. I believe if Hancock should be elected, however, that he will be inaugurated and will make a President for the whole people.
Dr. Thomas Ross—Suits me first rate.
J. D. Lawson—I think it was the happiest nomination that could have been made, although Hancock was not my choice. Intend to work like a Bengal tiger for the ticket.
A. Alexander—He is my man all the time. Am well satisfied with the nominations. Think Hancock will make a splendid President.
John Jacobs—Would rather have Hancock than Tilden.
John Ganser—It's first rate. Suits me. I call it a strong ticket.
Chris. Lerch—Just suits me. Think we'll catch the Republican's pedro this pop.
Charley Casler—Hancock is the best Democrat I know of.
McClary—Good man. I'm sorry for him.
Frank Rahm—Splendid nomination. I tell you Hancock's my man.
A. D. Porter—So far as I am concerned am pleased with the nomination. Don't think he will poll as large a vote as Tilden. Think Garfield will be elected.
R. B. Mosby—Party good. Got him and got to stay with him clean through.
J. L. Simpson—Satisfied.
Joe Gratz—No opinion.
Warren Powers—Just suits me. Good man, guess, but we will get away with him too easy. (This settles it. Let the campaign stop.—Ed.)
Geo. C. St. Louis—Think it a good nomination, but think we can beat him.
A. J. Hall—First rate. Think we have a walk over with Hancock and English. Consider it the strongest ticket that could have been elected.
L. Dryfus—Good ticket. Believe Hancock is a very strong man. He is true blue and can't be beaten.
M. Tobias—Good nominations all around. Am perfectly satisfied. Hancock will carry enough states to elect him without a doubt.
Louis Olds—I think that's bully. Suits me exactly. Willow Slough will be on hand with a boom for Hancock.
G. S. Grey—Think both the candidates ought to be elected. Just as lief have two Presidents as not.
G. A. Brown—Hancock suits me. He was my man all the time. My first choice.
A. Nickelsburg—For an independent like myself, it is pretty hard to make a choice between two such men as Hancock and Garfield.
L. D. Stephens—Satisfied. Am satisfied with any good Democrat. Consider Hancock and English a strong ticket.
Dr. Geo. H. Jackson—Good ticket. Think it will be elected, sure.
J. M. Garotte—Pretty good ticket, but can't be elected, I don't think.
W. F. Mosby—I think we have got a good ticket, and believe it will be elected beyond a doubt.
Dr. W. C. Wilson—My opinion is Hancock is the strongest man that the Democracy could have nominated. We can get away with you, though.
Fred. Thomas—Got nothing to say.
C. W. Bush—It was the most expedient nomination that could have been made. It suits all sections, and insures the Electoral votes of New York, Connecticut, New Jersey and Indiana, and, possibly, Pennsylvania. The ticket will certainly be elected.
F. W. Brendel—The ticket is all right. John Hancock—From my standpoint I think the nominations excellent.
Dan. Huserot—I can vote that ticket pretty easy, you bet.
Geo. D. Fiske—I think it is a strong ticket in some localities. Think Garfield will carry some of the Southern States, however. Think Tilden was treated badly, and should have been nominated. He was elected four years ago, but was defeated out of the office. (Note—The above is "Lafayette.")
L. Walker—Think Democrats did very wisely in making the nominations they did. Much better than any of the old stagers.
W. J. Roberts—I think *canine excrement* of the whole business. Think I shall have to support Garfield, as he is a presher in the church I belong to.
T. L. Smith—Think well of the ticket. Will give it hearty support.
B. F. Ready—Got nothing to say about it. Ain't keeping a—how it goes.
James Simpson—Suits me. Think Hancock is a good man.
George Crawford—Good man. Got in bad company, though.
Dr. A. Strong—My bet—stomach is full of good feeling over the result of the Convention.
Carey Barney—Haven't got a word to say. Think we have got a good ticket, though.
T. H. Williams—Believe it is a ticket which cannot be beaten. It is well worthy the support of Democrats.
W. J. Webb—It is a good ticket.
Henry Craner—It is a strong ticket. Best that could have been selected.
J. B. Elston—Preferred Tilden, but can give a hearty support to Hancock and English.
Ueole Dick Barnes—Is all right with me. I've got over my pet and will vote for Hancock and English.
Joe Berry—Hancock will make Garfield sick. Mack. Tackney—It is a fine ticket.
A. Stamp—When the last municipal election—eh? O, about Hancock? Yes, yes. All right. I'm for him.
Sam Sing—Hancock no good. No like. Too much abrogate Burgame treaty. Garfield too much keep good.
Be Careful.
Now that the grain will soon all be ripe, it behooves all to keep a good lookout in regard to fire. Nearly all the roads are lined with foxtail grass, which, when dry, burns like powder; and when once it is set on fire, nothing can stop it until all within the reach of the flames is consumed. Hence the necessity of the extreme caution on the part of people passing along the roads. A match dropped, or a cigar stump carelessly thrown down might be the means of producing a most disastrous fire. On Willow Slough, where many resort for the purpose of fishing, the danger is augmented on account of persons passing directly through the standing grain in many instances, in search of favorable places to fish. One farmer from that neighborhood requested us to say to all, that any one caught trespassing on his land until after harvest will be dealt with severely, and also stated that his neighbors were all of the same mind. The better way is to keep clear of all possibility of doing damage in the way spoken of by not going where the possibility may arise.

VACA VALLEY & CLEAR LAKE R.R. CO.
TIME TABLE.

To take effect May 31, 1880, and remain in force until further notice:

No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
1:00 P.M.	1:00 P.M.	1:00 P.M.	1:00 P.M.
2:00 P.M.	2:00 P.M.	2:00 P.M.	2:00 P.M.
3:00 P.M.	3:00 P.M.	3:00 P.M.	3:00 P.M.
4:00 P.M.	4:00 P.M.	4:00 P.M.	4:00 P.M.
5:00 P.M.	5:00 P.M.	5:00 P.M.	5:00 P.M.
6:00 P.M.	6:00 P.M.	6:00 P.M.	6:00 P.M.
7:00 P.M.	7:00 P.M.	7:00 P.M.	7:00 P.M.
8:00 P.M.	8:00 P.M.	8:00 P.M.	8:00 P.M.
9:00 P.M.	9:00 P.M.	9:00 P.M.	9:00 P.M.
10:00 P.M.	10:00 P.M.	10:00 P.M.	10:00 P.M.
11:00 P.M.	11:00 P.M.	11:00 P.M.	11:00 P.M.
12:00 A.M.	12:00 A.M.	12:00 A.M.	12:00 A.M.

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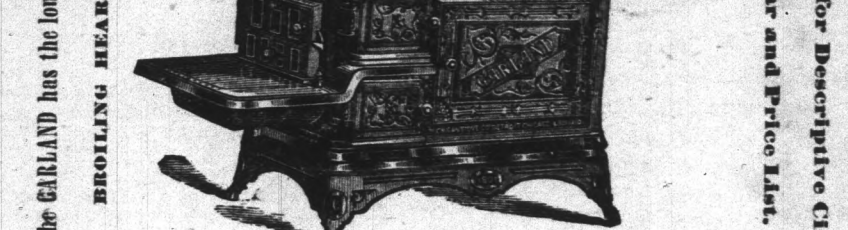
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Over Porter & Co., Woodland, Cal.
None but first-class work allowed to leave this Gallery.
COME AND SEE US.